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THE NEW REPUBLIC

HILLARY'S SHARPTON PROBLEM
MICHELLE COTTLE

IS CHURCH GOOD FOR YOU?
GREGG EASTERBROOK

July 19 & 26, 1999

NO ONE ELECTED HIM.
HARDLY ANYONE HAS
EVEN HEARD OF HIM, BUT

THIS MAN CONTROLS CALIFORNIA

MATTHEW MILLER
ON THE QUIRKY
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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts

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CORRESPONDENCE

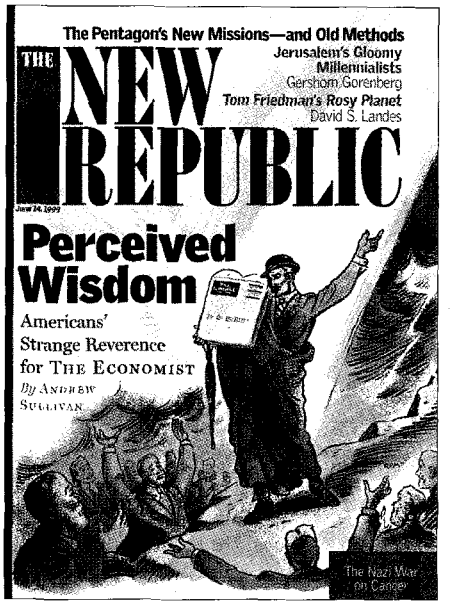
Living with the right to die

TO THE EDITORS:

Mike Wallace forwarded to us a copy of Ezekiel J. Emanuel's article that recently appeared in TNR ("Death's Door," May 17). To say the least, we were stunned and mystified at his reckless and shabby research efforts, or lack thereof, exhibited throughout the article. It is one thing to have an opinion and to express it with the full force of one's convictions, but it is entirely another to fabricate facts, manipulate and distort statistics, and, in general, ignore the moral and ethical responsibility that goes hand in hand with journalistic integrity. Is he so desperate to state his case that he feels he can mislead the reading public by fabricating and guessing at the real facts surrounding this issue and, more importantly, at the decisions made by Thomas Youk? Is Emanuel's case so weak that it cannot withstand a full and exhaustive presentation of facts as they exist, both from the public record or from Youk's family, which was intimate with both his state of mind and medical care?

Emanuel makes several assertions about Youk's medical condition. He says, for instance, that Youk "was experiencing no pain" and that Dr. Kevorkian offered no "appropriate alternatives" and that somehow Youk hesitated. We wonder how on earth Emanuel arrived at such proclamations. Did he arrive at these conclusions through exhaustive and methodical research, such as contacting the family, the hospice care organization, the hospice nurse, the specialist at the University of Michigan's Department of Neurology, or Kevorkian himself? Or did he concoct the facts through more scientific means such as assumption, guessing, and innuendo? Just for the record, what were Emanuel's sources?

To conclude, it is not just the fact that this article offends the integrity of Youk's life and choices, his family's intentions, and even journalistic integrity. It is the damage Emanuel has perpetrated in the public arena to the process of an honest and soul-searching debate and dialogue about one of the most potent issues of our time or of any time. The tone of the article demonstrates that Emanuel feels he has occupied the higher moral and ethical ground and that anyone making a choice to end his or her life must be either delusional, depressed, or not receiving proper medical care. So, as I read it, Emanuel will make that choice for us, the



poor miserable, misguided, unwashed masses. Sir, over my dead body.

TERRENCE AND MELODY YOUK
Woodstock, Vermont

EZEKIEL J. EMANUEL REPLIES:

My article makes clear that I was commenting about the negative public impression created by the euthanasia broadcast by "60 Minutes" and not about Thomas Youk's life and choices or about his family's tremendous devotion to, and care for, him.

I claimed the TV broadcast of Youk's case actually undermined public support for legalizing euthanasia and physician-assisted suicide because it highlighted problems with these interventions. I made three claims about his pain level, about his lack of palliative care, and about potential pressure on him. I acknowledge that I misstated Youk's pain level by claiming he "was experiencing no pain." What I should have written was that he was not experiencing excruciating and unremitting pain. Indeed, as I understand from his widow, with whom I spoke on May 7, Youk was experiencing pain from the pressure of sitting. For relief, he had been taking Motrin until September 1, 1998, when hospice care was begun. The hospice nurse quickly prescribed oral morphine. (Hospice care was initiated just a few days prior to contacting Kevorkian.) A few days later, Youk himself stopped the morphine because he did not like the side effects, especially the drowsiness. Kevorkian euthanized him on September 17. While Youk may have had pain, even significant pain, his is not a story of excruciating, unremitting pain despite good pain management. Indeed, from the video, it appears that his major symptoms were choking and difficulty swallowing, not pain.

I also stated that Kevorkian did not ensure appropriate palliative care. This is not just my view. Commenting on the video of Youk's euthanasia, Barbara Coombs Lee, a physician-assisted-suicide proponent from Oregon's Compassion in Dying, made the exact same point:

> [Kevorkian] doesn't evaluate his patients well. He doesn't offer a lot of palliative care options. All those things should have been done [for Thomas Youk]. And he took control from the patient.

The issue in my article was not whether outstanding palliative care was provided for Youk by the University of Michigan's Department of Neurology, hospice nurses, and his family, but what palliative measures Kevorkian initiated—or was seen to initiate on "60 Minutes." Indeed, what his widow told me of Youk's pain management suggests he did not receive optimal palliative care. Indeed, his hospice care was every other day, he did not have psychiatric evaluations or treatment, and he was not receiving paid help with personal hygiene and other needs. Such facts suggest that Kevorkian did not ensure Youk had optimal palliative care before committing the lethal injection.

Finally, I noted that, on the video, it appeared that "Youk evinced some hesitation." This is not just my assertion. In the "60 Minutes" program, Kevorkian himself stated, "I sensed some reluctance in him." Commenting on this, a *New York Times* reporter wrote, "[W]e see Mr. Youk agreeing as Dr. Kevorkian reads aloud a statement for him to sign, stating there has been no duress, but we haven't a clue how that reluctance was overcome."

Economizing

TO THE EDITORS:

As an occasional contributor to both THE NEW REPUBLIC and *The Economist*, and as a Cantabrigian who is constitutionally barred from anything but amusement when Oxonians break into a fracas, may I offer what I may therefore claim to be a fair verdict on Andrew Sullivan's indictment of Britain's prestigious opinion magazine and of America's fascination with it ("London Fog," June 14)?

The problem with Sullivan's critique is that he sets up the wrong tests to pass. Thus, Sullivan gloats that *The Economist* has rarely gotten the macroeconomic future of the world economy right. But he fails to tell us who has gotten it consis-

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tently right. The judgments on macroeconomics are hostage, in the end, to the luck of the draw—as the International Monetary Fund and the U.S. Treasury discovered when they helped create and then accentuated the Asian financial crisis. Again, has Sullivan forgotten that we learned way back that macroeconomic fine-tuning is not possible?

Rather than judge *The Economist* by the correctness of its forecasts, we need to judge it by the quality of its analysis. This is exactly what the magazine does beautifully, translating serious economics into accessible prose on virtually every current economic problem that it touches. Its ability to write lucidly on economic issues of current importance in illuminating and analytically deep ways is simply not matched by newspapers and magazines in the United States.

The Economist's role in the U.S. context is also special. In thinking that the magazine is "anti-American," Sullivan misses the point: the magazine often provides an influential counterpoint to the shared follies on the American scene. This is best seen in the context of free trade, the magazine's original raison d'être. In the 1980s, free-traders such as myself were opposed to extensive "declinism"-fueled Japan-baiting; to the use of what I have called "aggressive unilateralism"; to the demands for managed trade; to free-trade areas that were erroneously being equated to genuine free trade when in fact they were discriminatory trade arrangements; to witless political demands for linkage between trade liberalization and preconditions on labor and environmental grounds; and much other nonsense. We often found that the editors at *The Economist* were almost alone in being willing and able to learn and write about the nuanced and difficult arguments that we were making against these egregious American trade policy mistakes. *The Economist*'s well-earned prestige was what enabled us to air our arguments and hence create the necessary public debate that brought some sanity to Washington's policymaking in this period.

So, Mr. Sullivan, admire, do not admonish, your compatriots. Sometimes success does reflect merit.

JAGDISH BHAGWATI
New York, New York

TO THE EDITORS:
Andrew Sullivan is quite right about the inflated reputation and spotty performance of *The Economist*. (Would this publication be taken so seriously if it were called *The Journalist*?) He might have observed, however, by way of explaining its success, that the American weekly newsmagazines that once would have been its competition—*Time*, *Newsweek*, and *U.S. News & World Report*—have dumbed themselves down so far that *The Economist* has been left with an important niche virtually to itself.

But this niche is occupied—to sharpen a point that Sullivan makes only by implication—solely by those who insist on getting their news from a magazine in the first place. As Sullivan's examples show, the publications that consistently outperform *The Economist* are not other newsmagazines but the best American newspapers. This is because the best newspapers now regularly publish news analysis and serious feature articles that once were the province of magazines. The only thing left to draw readers to *The Economist* is the magazine's worldlier-than-thou tone. Sullivan, who is in a position to know, traces this tone to Magdalen College rather than to Britain more generally, which is a bit of a relief (it allows one to feel more kindly disposed toward Britain). But can Sullivan explain to us, given his experience of both countries, why so many Americans seem to like this tone?

JACK MILES
Pasadena, California

TO THE EDITORS:
Andrew Sullivan's piece on *The Economist* is dead-on accurate and, in some respects, more gentle than it should be. Sullivan might have been more direct and blunt about the snob element. Just check out the prices for the *Economist* diaries, etc., that begin to appear around Christmastime. Deep red leather, creamy white paper, high tone—makes one feel like a proper gent.

HENRY STECK
Via the Internet

TO THE EDITORS:
I have to object to Andrew Sullivan's highly critical article about *The Economist*. First of all, I was surprised to see your magazine attacking another magazine. Although you might not consider yourselves in competition with *The Economist*, it would seem a bit close to home. I should think you would want to avoid the impropriety implicit in one weekly magazine reviewing another.

But, more importantly, I think Sullivan evaluated *The Economist* unfairly and jumped to unjustified conclusions. He explains the magazine's appeal in his second paragraph: "And, as a weekly compost of world news and economics, it's very hard to beat." This is precisely why Americans (and 400,000 non-Americans) subscribe. *The Economist* neatly sums up

continued on page 49

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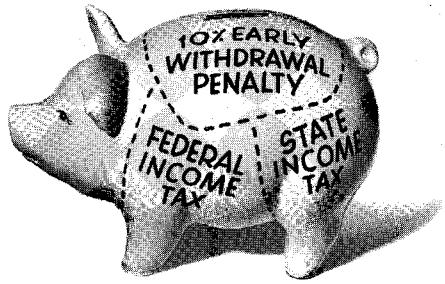

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Drug Deal

I'M CONFUSED. IS the 2000 election about the safety and education of our kids, or is it about the health and comfort of our elderly parents and grandparents? Listening to the rhetoric emanating from the candidates about gun control and school reform, I had come to believe that the children were our future. Then President Clinton released his proposal for a new Medicare drug benefit designed to put Vice President Gore in the White House and a Democratic majority in Congress. When it comes to the big-dollar promises, politicians go where the votes are. And kids, though fun to have around for photo-ops at schools in New Hampshire, can't vote.

Yes, the president also proposed a Children and Education Trust Fund, which would dedicate an extra $156 billion between 2001 and 2014 to such programs as Head Start and child nutrition. But all the body language suggested that this proposal was just a sop. It was vaguely described ("the President wants to work with Congress to develop the appropriate allocations among major education and health programs for children"). It seemed almost an afterthought in the White House's press blitz. Whereas the drug plan will be a new mandatory entitlement, the children's trust fund would, at best, expand discretionary spending programs.

The prescription plan's cost (a projected $118 billion over ten years, assuming medical economics can be intelligently forecast over such periods) is worrisome, as is its potential for perverse side effects, ranging from retarding pharmaceutical-industry investment in new cures to depressing prices for the drug stocks that now pad many a 401(k) account. But what really troubles me is the gross generational inequity of this plan.

Why are we making an elaborate new promise to the elderly at all? There are 14.1 million children under the age of 18 living below the poverty line. Only 3.3 million senior citizens face the same plight. The Medicare program currently costs $195 billion per year. The federal government spends $21.5 billion on all elementary, secondary, and vocational education, plus Head Start—a figure that would still reach only about $33 billion per year in the unlikely event that the children's trust fund passes. Medicare is partly paid for by a 2.9 percent tax on all wages and salaries, many of which are earned by younger people who are less well-off than many seniors.

Don't get me wrong. Medicare as such should be preserved and strengthened. No one wants to go back to the days when seniors sometimes went bankrupt paying doctor bills. And a prescription drug benefit would be nice, especially for the 35 percent of seniors who do not already belong to an HMO or have so-called Medigap insurance to pay for medicine. (Fewer employers have been offering retiree health benefits of late, largely because of the explosion in retail prices for prescription drugs.)

But just how necessary is Clinton's proposed new benefit? Certainly it would be vital to the small slice of the elderly population that is genuinely poor. But, for others, the picture is a bit foggier. Presumably, the elderly who don't have drug coverage now don't have it for a reason; they don't need so much medication that it would make sense for them to buy private insurance, which usually comes with high premiums, deductibles, and co-payments. The Clinton plan would, in effect, offer a cheaper (because it's federally subsidized) version of the private-sector plans currently available. But it wouldn't be free; it would cost $288 in the first year, and the premiums would rise steadily thereafter. (Extremely low-income seniors would pay nothing.) Would this be such a good deal that millions of people who don't have insurance now would stampede to sign up? Or would we merely see a slight shift in the risk-benefit analysis of the folks who currently don't buy Medigap, accompanied by a lot of shifting of existing Medigap policyholders to the government plan? No one knows. Given the notable absence of public clamor for such coverage before the president offered it, however, I'd guess that the demand for this new benefit might not be as urgent as the White House supposes.

Clinton says his program is needed to modernize Medicare, which was set up in 1965, at a time of much more primitive medical technology. Today, he says, drugs are a key part of maintaining people's good health, and so a greater expenditure on medicine for the elderly would pay for itself in lower costs for hospitalization and the like. Perhaps, but I'm instinctively wary of politicians who promise that large new programs will pay for themselves. More to the point, neither Clinton nor anyone else ever speaks of "modernizing" Medicare to account for certain other realities that have changed since 1965. For example, average life expectancy has increased from 70.2 years to 76.1 years and is still rising. People reach their golden years in far better health than they did three and a half decades ago, and many of them even continue working well past 65. We live in a time when some doctors actually encourage older patients to "keep active," often by working part-time. These facts would argue for raising the Medicare eligibility age by a couple of years, so as to improve the program's finances. The bipartisan Breaux-Thomas commission on entitlements proposed such a modest sacrifice, but Clinton rejected it.

Of course, the additional $118 billion to pay for the new benefit would come from projected budget surpluses. (Clinton would draw a whopping $794 billion from the surplus to shore up Medicare's finances generally.) But so what? Sometimes the Clintonites and the press refer to the surplus as if it were literally a "windfall." Actually, surplus dollars come from taxes, just like all the other money in the Treasury. The surplus does not relieve government from its responsibility to make choices and set priorities; every expenditure must be justified not just on its own terms but in comparison with possible alternatives. One would be to return the surplus to the people in the form of lower taxes. Another would be to increase spending on some other program. If it were up to me, I'd take the $118 billion Clinton wants to spend on a prescription drug benefit and give 25 percent of it back as tax cuts, give another 25 percent to shoring up the military, and add the rest to the Children and Education Trust Fund. The president says, and he's right, that enhancing the education and well-being of young people makes for productive adults and, hence, a more dynamic economy. So let him put his money where his mouth is. If we're going to expand Medicare at all, offer free medicine for the clearly indigent, period.

The best reform for Medicare and other middle-class entitlement programs would be means-testing that would reduce benefits or raise premiums for recipients above a certain high income level. But the president deliberately left a means test for the prescription drug benefit out of the final version of his plan (though, in typical Clinton fashion, he said he'd support it if Congress wants it). As the debate over the prescription drug benefit rises to a crescendo in the presidential race, ask yourself: Meeting the medical needs of the elderly is important, but, given the relative well-being of the elderly in today's America—and the many sensible but untried options for reining in Medicare's costs—shouldn't teaching and healing our kids be even higher priorities?

CHARLES LANE

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CAMPAIGN JOURNAL

Learning Curve

SO, UTAH SENATOR ORRIN Hatch is running for president. This promises to be the most exciting event in presidential politics since the Dick Lugar campaign of 1996.

The man has it all. Media praise: "My dog has a better chance of getting the nomination," writes *The Washington Post*'s Tony Kornheiser. Conservative friends: "If presidential candidates are driven by an abundance of ego, Senator Hatch is overqualified," opines the Manchester, New Hampshire, *Union Leader*. And a proven ability to close the gender gap: Remember when he waved around a copy of *The Exorcist* at the Clarence Thomas hearings to discredit Anita Hill?

Hatch's declaration increases the ranks of Republican candidates to an astounding twelve (although rumor has it that Senator Bob Smith is ready to quit the Republican race for a third-party run). In its first days, though, the Hatch campaign still needs to work out a few kinks. Appearing on NBC's "Meet the Press," Hatch managed to refer to himself both in the first-person plural ("We plan on running for president.... We're going to give it everything we have") and in the third person ("Reducing taxes is a very, very important part of Orrin Hatch's agenda"). He used words like "frankly" and "to be honest" to preface statements that were, frankly, less than revealing.

But, frankly, we are being too hard on Hatch, and, to be honest, being hard on Hatch is not part of Dana Milbank's agenda. Despite having become a figure of fun for lefties during the Anita Hill craziness, the Judiciary Committee chairman is actually a pretty serious man, a respected lawmaker, and a straight-shooting, thoughtful figure in Congress. The once-fierce conservative is now showing admirable flexibility, becoming a leading architect (sometimes in tandem with Ted Kennedy) of health care policy.

What's more, Hatch's background contrasts nicely with George W. Bush's. Hatch grew up in poverty, not privilege (the senator once worked as a janitor), and he has had far more experience in government (23 years' worth) than the Republican favorite. Bush *fils* "has been a governor for four years in a state that has a constitutionally weak governor," Hatch told me in an interview. "He's going to have a tremendous learning curve, and that's what people are going to center on. This is a very complex day and age. Do we want somebody like that leading us into the new millennium?"

This should be a potent argument—except that, if the 2000 campaign has taught us anything so far, it's that voters don't care much for the experienced candidates. The most experienced guys in the race are Hatch, Al Gore, Bill Bradley, Lamar Alexander, and, to be sure, Dan Quayle. Just look how they fare in matchups against Bush. Experience, it seems, is a liability. No wonder there's a clamor for a Jesse Ventura candidacy.

ON BUSH'S TRIUMPHANT MAIDEN campaign swing, I was discussing the candidate's good fortune with one of his top strategists. "The only thing we haven't done well," the adviser said, "is to lower expectations." I suggested the campaign orchestrate a series of deliberate, small flubs. The gaffes would inoculate Bush, each one knocking him down a peg without being serious enough to wreck his candidacy. I offered to supply a series of miscues the governor could attempt. But, as it turns out, Bush has done just fine coming up with small goofs on his own.

It began when he dubbed the Kosovars "Kosovians" and the Greeks "Grecians." It continued when the East Timorese became "East Timorians" on Bush's tongue. Then he confessed his ignorance of the Land and Water Conservation Fund—obscure enough not to constitute a gaffe.

His next attempt at deflating expectations came on June 22, when a reporter from Slovakia asked Bush to comment on that country. "The only thing I know about Slovakia is what I learned firsthand from your foreign minister that came to Texas, and I had a great visit with him," he replied. "It's an exciting country, it's a country that's flourishing, and it's a country that's doing well." Actually, the fellow who came to visit was the prime minister of Slovenia, the former Yugoslav state, not the foreign minister of Slovakia. Slovakia, far from flourishing, is the poor sibling of the Czech Republic.

But this was not the end of Bush's efforts to lower expectations. A couple of days later, he came out in favor of displaying the Ten Commandments in public buildings. But then, asked whether he preferred the Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish wording of the Ten Commandments, he answered, mysteriously, that he favored "the standard version." Bush, slyly, was giving the impression he hadn't the foggiest notion that the three faiths used very different translations of the Ten Commandments.

By way of contrast, I gave Hatch a quick quiz on the Grecians, Kosovians, and East Timorians. "You'll find I've been to most of these places," he said. Needless to say, the former Mormon bishop also knew about the different versions of the Ten Commandments. "People say he's a quick study," Hatch said of Bush. "But, you know, it's a lot more complex than that. You can spend a lifetime on Medicare alone, and a lot of us have. It's a very tough league up here. The more experience a person has had, the less likely you are to make mistakes."

To his credit, Bush certainly seems to be aware of his predicament. "This is a big world, and I've got a lot to learn," W. said after his string of bloopers. This has been a sensitive issue for some time. There was the famous *New York Times* correction in March, following a story about a series of tutorials to help Bush get up to speed on the issues. "As published, the article included an opinionated sentence casting doubt on his mastery of those issues," the correction said. The part about the tutorials was true. The offending sentence, inserted by editors, was: "There may never have been a 'serious' candidate who needed it more."

You can almost picture George W. at a table in the governor's mansion in Austin with his tutor and a pile of flashcards.

Tutor: Governor, shall we go over Slovenia and Slovakia again?

Bush: No, I've got it now. Slovakia is a country that used to be part of Czechoslovakia ...

Tutor: Very good.

Bush: ... and its capital, Bratislava, is a short drive from Vienna, the capital of Australia. The Czech Republic, whose citizens are known as "Czechmates," is led by the playwright Handel.

Tutor: Moving right along, sir, let's see how you're coming on Asia. Do you remember your policy if North Korea invades South Korea?

Bush: Easy. We help the South Koreavars push the North Koreavars right off the Iberian Peninsula.

Tutor: Only one minor quibble, sir. The Iberian Peninsula is, technically speaking, home to Spain and Portugal.

Bush: Wait a minute. Aren't the Portugecians one of the most prosperous peoples in all of Africa, second only to the Vietnamians?

Tutor: [Pause.] Maybe we should take a short break.

DANA MILBANK

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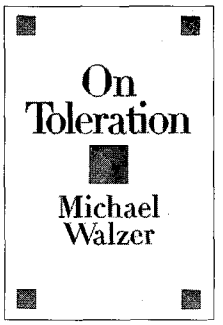

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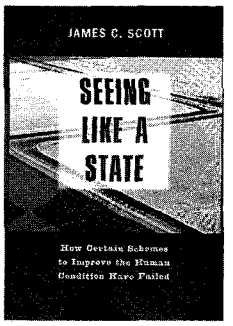

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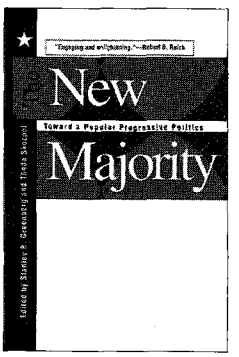

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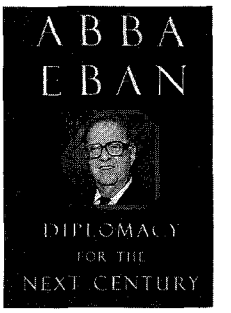

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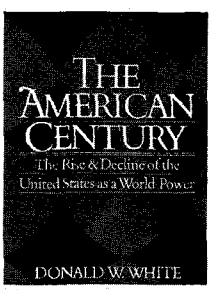

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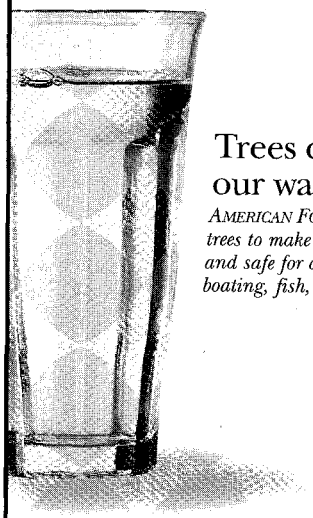

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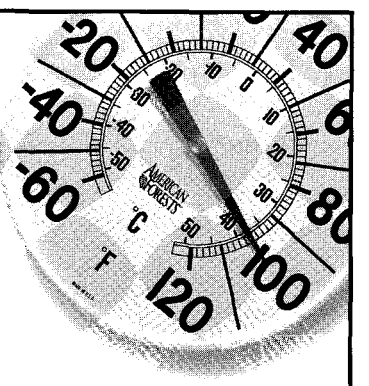

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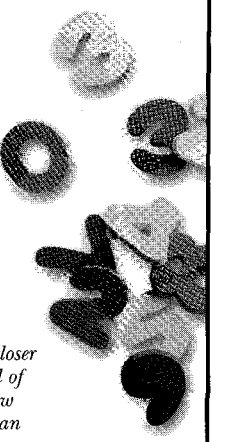

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Surplus Values

WHAT A DIFFERENCE a few months—and a few hundred billion dollars—makes. As recently as February, when the White House predicted that the budget surplus would amount to a mere $2.4 trillion over the next ten years, Washington was paralyzed. President Clinton's calls to devote the surplus to Social Security and Medicare seemed dead until the next election, as did Republican calls for across-the-board tax cuts. Then, on June 28, the White House revised its projections again. Thanks to the booming economy, it announced, the surplus will be even larger: the government will run a net budget surplus of $99 billion this year; $2.9 trillion in surplus will accumulate within the next decade; and, by 2014, the total will equal $5.9 trillion.

Flush with all of the extra funds, the president and Congress are talking to each other again. Clinton has unveiled revised Social Security and Medicare plans while signaling to the Republicans his willingness to make a deal on tax cuts. And some Republicans seem receptive—content, perhaps, with a modest tax break instead of the broader reduction they originally had in mind.

There are, of course, many good reasons to be skeptical about the numbers. For one thing, these projections assume robust economic growth for the next 15 years. Yet the same factors that have made the economy strong—such as technological innovations that have increased productivity—have also made it more volatile. Strong growth in the near future is likely but hardly a sure thing. Furthermore, the surplus figures are a bit misleading. They include liabilities—that is, IOUs—in the Social Security trust fund and assume a willingness in Congress to abide by spending restraints enacted by the 1997 budget agreement. Factor in the liabilities and allow for Congress to break the rules, and the surplus starts to diminish.

But it doesn't diminish entirely. Indeed, while it would be foolish to take these projections as a sure thing, it would be equally foolish not to seize the opportunity they present. For at least the next year, and quite likely many years after that, the government will have more money at its disposal than it had in the last two decades. The defining question of this legislative session and the elections that follow will be: How should it be allocated? The watchwords should be efficiency and equity.

Efficiency: As the past few years have demonstrated, there's no instrument of social mobility more powerful than a strong economy. But the Federal Reserve, in effect, polices prosperity, constraining the government's ability to manipulate growth through taxes and spending. Whenever excessive growth threatens to increase inflation, the Fed raises interest rates—as it did this week—to keep things manageable; when recession threatens, as it did during the Asian crisis, the Fed cuts rates to jump-start the economy.

To be sure, by "saving" the surplus and paying down the national debt, the government can help stave off future trouble, making it easier to borrow money later if necessary. But using the surplus to stimulate growth through cuts in the income and capital gains taxes makes little sense. Given the Fed's apparent determination to put a speed limit on the economy, tax cuts could only stimulate so much growth. At worst, they could trigger too severe a counterreaction by the Fed, which might throw the economy into recession.

Equity: But the surplus creates opportunities for the government to distribute society's resources more equitably—and meet long-standing needs that were put on hold in the age of skyrocketing deficits. The reason we have a surplus is that the government is collecting more in taxes; the government is collecting more in taxes because the very wealthy, who fall into the highest tax brackets, are doing very well.

This is yet another reason to look askance at a general cut in the income tax. But a tax break that targeted the most needy—such as an expansion of the Earned Income Tax Credit—would make sense on distributional grounds. The same goes for certain spending programs that benefit the less well-off, such as housing vouchers, Head Start, and subsidies for children's health insurance. Some of the best uses of the surplus would combine both equity and efficiency—like Clinton's plan for Social Security, which, in theory, would simultaneously pay down the national debt and shore up a progressive entitlement program.

There are, of course, political realities to confront. The Republicans may insist on a mildly regressive tax cut as the price for increasing spending on neglected but important social programs. Still, this could be a reasonable trade-off. After all, if it's wasteful to fritter away money when the government is running a deficit, it's no less wasteful to fritter away opportunities for sensible activist government now that the age of surplus is seemingly upon us. ■

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NOTEBOOK

FULL DISCLOSURE: This week marks the end of the 2000 presidential campaign's "financial primary"—the first six months of the race, during which candidates engage in a mad dash for cash—and the results are trickling in. George W. Bush leads the pack with a whopping $36 million, shattering the record $20 million raised by the Clinton-Gore campaign in the first six months of 1995. Al Gore comes in second with about $18.5 million in campaign contributions. And Bill Bradley shows some staying power with $11 million. Of course, we only know these figures because the candidates, eager to boast, have told us; they don't have to file quarterly fund-raising results with the Federal Election Commission (FEC) until July 15. What the candidates have been less than eager to divulge, however, are the identities of the people who have been filling their coffers since April 1; we won't know those until the FEC does in mid-July. Under the current system, an individual can give money to a candidate and, depending on how early in the quarter he or she contributed, remain anonymous for nearly four months. In the era of the Internet and electronic filing, there's no reason why candidates shouldn't have to instantly disclose the identities of their contributors—and post them on the FEC website. That's one reform everyone should be able to agree on.

THE FORGOTTEN UPPER-MIDDLE CLASS: New Jersey Democrat Robert Torricelli and Georgia Republican Paul Coverdell have introduced in the Senate the Middle Class Tax Relief Act of 1999. By expanding the lowest (15 percent) income tax bracket upward to include much of the money currently taxed at 28 percent, Torricelli and Coverdell contend that their bill would provide needed tax relief for the middle class. But, as Iris J. Lav of the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities notes, this "middle class" tax bill leaves the bottom three-quarters of taxpayers—96 million people—unaffected, since they already fall within the lowest bracket. Indeed, only seven percent of filers with incomes below $50,000 would get any tax relief. The real beneficiaries of the Torricelli-Coverdell plan would be the upper-middle class and above: nearly two-thirds of the total tax relief would go to the top 15 percent of income earners. Torricelli and Coverdell say that their plan, hatched just after President Clinton's impeachment trial, is a sign that Republicans and Democrats can work together. "It had previously been my view that nothing good came out of the impeachment proceeding," Torricelli says. "There is a chance to resurrect something good." On the whole, we'd prefer partisan strife.

MOVIN' ON: Despite multiple veto threats, President Clinton now says he will sign the Y2K liability legislation hashed out in a conference committee this week. This is good news, since the final measure looks much like what passed the Senate. Potential defendants will have 90 days to offer a corrective plan before legal action can be taken against them, punitive damages will be capped for small businesses, large class-action suits will be handled in federal court, and a system of "proportional liability" will ensure that a defendant is penalized only for its share of the damage. The deal was apparently sealed thanks to a little late-night lobbying by Connecticut Senator Christopher Dodd, champion of the final Senate version of the bill. Vice President Gore should consider sending Dodd a thank-you note. Sensible action was needed to guard against a potential flood of frivolous lawsuits, and Democratic paralysis on the issue was playing right into the GOP's hands. As Republicans gleefully noted, the Y2K legislation was forcing Democrats (most notably the tech-friendly Gore) to choose between two of their richest constituencies, trial lawyers and Silicon Valley—where George W. Bush will make a fund-raising visit this week. That the Democrats finally agreed to the legislation over the trial lawyers' objections suggests there may be hope for the new millennium yet.

IDENTITY POLITICS: It's bad enough that convicted cop-killer Mumia Abu-Jamal was invited to address—via recording—the graduating class of Evergreen State College in Washington state a few weeks ago. Now celebrity-happy *George* magazine has apparently forgotten what made the radical-chic poster boy a household name in the first place. In a new book titled *250 Ways to Make America Better*, the editors of *George* have compiled the suggestions of 250 academics, philosophers, performers, authors, humorists, and politicians for how to improve American society. Among those giving advice is Abu-Jamal, identified by *George* as an "author/journalist." Although the book's preface does note that Abu-Jamal is currently in a cell on Pennsylvania's death row, *George* doesn't mention why he's there: he murdered a police officer. Of course, what else do you expect from a book that identifies former presidential candidate Gary Hart as an "attorney" and the reptilian pornographer Larry Flynt as a "magazine publisher"? Maybe *George* can arrange a special furlough so Abu-Jamal can succeed Flynt as the magazine's guest of honor at next year's White House Correspondents' Dinner.

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!: In our March 22 issue, we reported on the book about race in America that Harvard Law Professor Christopher Edley was ghostwriting for President Clinton ("The Gatekeeper," by Jason Zengerle). Now comes word that Edley has quit the book project, reportedly out of frustration with the fact that the president has not yet turned his attention to the second draft of the book, which Edley gave to Clinton in May as beach reading for his Florida vacation. With Edley out of the picture and the book's other main ghostwriter, J. Terry Edmonds, returning to his normal job at the Social Security Administration in October, the book may never be completed. Before you condemn Clinton's sloppy reading habits, though, consider the possibility that he may actually be engaged in some creative stalling here. The race book promised to be an embarrassment: a mishmash of vague policy proposals, slanted social science, and Clinton's own mawkish personal reflections. But, if it's never published, Clinton is off the hook. And, for Borders, it's just one less item on the remainder pile. ■

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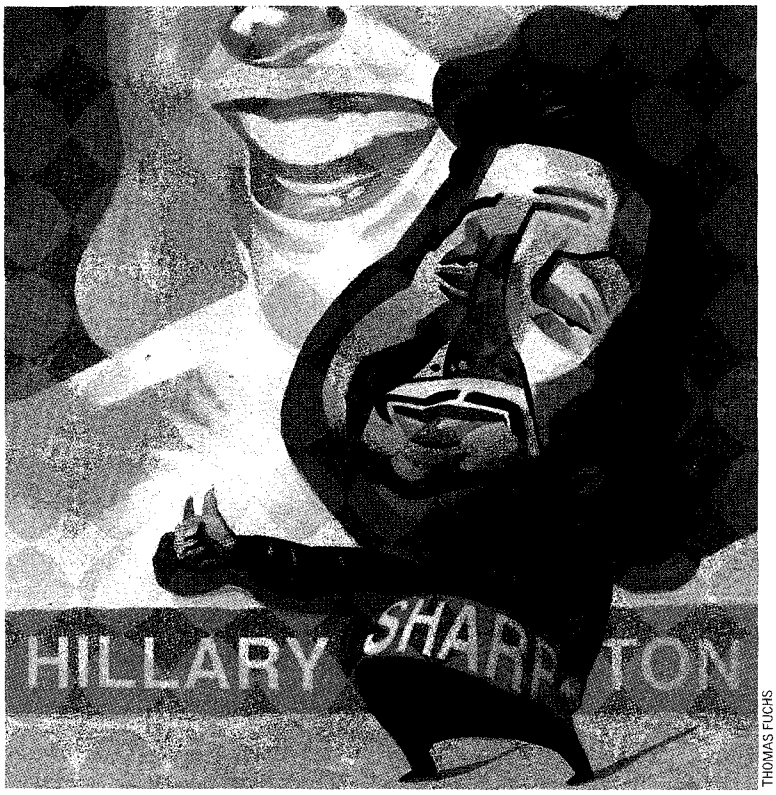
For Hillary, it's time to kiss Sharpton's ring.

Pucker Up

By MICHELLE COTTLE

REASON NUMBER 436 that a New York Senate run by Hillary Clinton would be unspeakably entertaining: Al Sharpton. While the first lady is exempt from many of the usual political rules, there are certain realities of New York politics with which even she must contend. Like any left-leaning candidate, Clinton would need to do exceptionally well on Sharpton's home turf of New York City, where registered Democrats abound but turnout is often low (and where presumptive GOP candidate Rudolph Giuliani has amassed an impressive record as mayor). And, despite his penchant for racial demagoguery, the Reverend Sharpton has established himself as a valuable ally to mainstream Democrats looking to mobilize the black vote.



THOMAS FUCHS

Outside New York, Sharpton is known primarily for his incendiary racial antics. Most notable was the Tawana Brawley episode of 1987, in which a young black girl claimed to have been abducted and raped by six white men. As one of Brawley's advisers, Sharpton upped the racial thermostat on the case to a terrifying level before the accusations were ultimately exposed as fraudulent. Last year, he lost a defamation suit in connection with the case and was ordered to pay $65,000 to a former Dutchess County prosecutor. Along the same lines, the reverend has been blamed for inflaming the racial tension that touched off the 1991 riots in Crown Heights. And, in 1995, after a Sharpton tirade against "white interlopers" operating businesses in Harlem, a black gunman shot four people at a Jewish-owned local clothing store—where Sharpton's organization, the National Action Network (NAN), had organized street protests—then torched the building, killing seven others.

Within New York's political circles, however, it's Sharpton's electoral muscle that now has people talking. In 1994, he drew 26 percent of the vote in the Democratic primary against Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan. In the 1997 mayoral primaries, he pulled 32 percent of the vote, nearly forcing a runoff with the heavily favored Ruth Messinger. Although he lacks the support to actually win office, the reverend's surprising strength at the polls has won him the respect—or at least the attention—of state Democrats. "He is the single most powerful Democrat in terms of being a kingmaker," asserts Fred Siegel, a political scientist at Manhattan's Cooper Union.

While that may overstate Sharpton's influence a tad, New York Democrats say candidates ignore him at their peril. "He's certainly a force to be reckoned with because of his loyal activists and voters," says one party operative. As a result, come campaign season, look for Hillary Clinton and her entourage to make at least one pilgrimage uptown to Sharpton's 125th Street headquarters.

One flight up from the Flavored With One Love Caribbean restaurant, the NAN offices are decidedly more down-with-the-people than the first lady's usual Manhattan haunts. Inside the main auditorium, white metal ceiling fans wobble overhead, a modest pulpit stands at the front of the room, and neat rows of metal chairs dominate the space. Odds and ends are piled along the perimeter: folding tables, coat hangers, a pail of hot-pink artificial flowers, and a glass display case offering mechanical pencils (two for $1), earrings, gaily patterned hats, greeting cards, and campaign buttons declaring: "Latinos para Sharpton '97." The walls are covered with images of Frederick Douglass, Harriet Tubman, Marcus Garvey, Jesse Jackson, Martin Luther King Jr., and, of course, Al Sharpton.

The office atmosphere is that of barely controlled chaos. During my hour-long wait to see the reverend, the phones jangle incessantly. Conversations range from the colorful to the bizarre, with much talk of gunshots, hate crimes, and New York cops. One NAN member spends 30 minutes counseling a caller on how to get a dead relative autopsied, offering such practical tips as: "First, you have to clean the body. Then it is your property." When I am at last granted an audience with Sharpton, our time together is interrupted by phone calls, people drifting through the room, and staffers yelling questions from the outer office.

Kicked back behind his desk, his gold cuff links glowing against white, embroidered cuffs, his ample form spilling out of his chair, the reverend clearly relishes his image as New

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York's Democratic don. Already, he is taking an interest in Clinton's Senate aspirations. "I've had several conversations with various elected officials and people in the civil rights community," he says. "Everyone feels that she would be a formidable candidate. The question is whether she would aggressively support an agenda that really highlights our concerns."

Her husband's support within the black community notwithstanding, the first lady will have to prove herself to Sharpton. "Hillary's running does not necessarily mean that those of us who consider ourselves progressive think we have a standard bearer," he says. "Many of us have problems with Mr. Clinton's policies in terms of the crime bill and his relative silence on police brutality until late. And many people question the welfare reform bill." Unless Hillary Clinton reaches out to the city's people of color, he cautions, she could find herself in trouble come Election Day. "There is no question that the majority of people in the African American and Latino community, many of whom support me, would support a Hillary Clinton. The question is: Can she turn them out?" And this, explains Sharpton in his booming baritone, "is the reason Hillary Clinton at some point is gonna have to deal with people like me. If she only goes with the traditional club and union kind of campaign—that's what we had in '93 when Dave Dinkins lost."

Sharpton's political juice has drawn a number of top New York Democrats to his doorstep in recent years, including state Attorney General Eliot Spitzer and Senator Chuck Schumer. "Schumer came here twice and sought our support," notes Sharpton with pride. "In fact, this was the first place in the black community he came when he was elected. He came the Saturday after the elections to thank us."

Sharpton makes it clear that he expects a similar show of respect should Clinton decide to run. "Though I clearly would never support Rudy Giuliani," he warns, "how enthusiastic[ally] I would support her would be based on how she respects and regards the new dynamics of New York politics. She cannot assume that those of us that now have come into our own will allow others to deliver us. She's gonna have to deal with the new breed herself."

First lady or not, Hillary Clinton will be expected to kiss the ring.

OF COURSE, WHATEVER the political advantages Sharpton has to offer, there are also the risks. To many, he remains a hate-mongering demagogue. Yes, the recent shooting death of African immigrant Amadou Diallo at the hands of police has given Sharpton a compelling cause. (It was an incredible break, says Frank Mercado-Valdes, Sharpton's unofficial political adviser and one of his top funders. After the '97 elections, the reverend's supporters were furiously searching for a way to raise his credibility among whites and middle-class blacks, explains Mercado-Valdes without a trace of irony. The Diallo tragedy, it seems, was just the ticket.) But Sharpton clings to his polarizing style. He still won't apologize for the Brawley fiasco, insisting that whites are simply trying to make an example of him. "It's all about submission," he told *The Village Voice* last July. "They are asking me to grovel.... They want black children to say they forced a black man coming out of the hard-core ghetto to his knees."

In April, when the Reverend Calvin Butts publicly embraced Mayor Giuliani and apologized for having called him racist, Sharpton lashed out at the rival black leader. "Everybody that wants to come to town and take a shot at me takes a shot at me," he said at a Brooklyn rally that afternoon. "But you got these Uncle Remuses running around, selling out the movement, and nobody will say nothing." Sharpton denounced Butts for apologizing to a man whose workfare program is "the closest thing to slavery in modern times." In June, in the wake of a New Jersey police shooting that killed a black motorist—who had reportedly led officers on a high-speed chase that ended when the driver rammed his car into police vehicles—Sharpton told supporters at a rally in Harlem that this shows "they can shoot down you and me."

THE REVEREND'S PAST flirtations with the Nation of Islam could make a Sharpton-Clinton alliance a particularly bitter pill for New York's politically powerful Jewish community (bad news for a candidate still trying to live down her call for a Palestinian state). The grumbling has already begun. When William Rapfogel, head of New York's Metropolitan Coordinating Council on Jewish Poverty, learned that Sharpton had been invited to a White House ceremony honoring the New York Yankees, he promptly canceled his own plans to attend. "I just couldn't bring myself to go," he says. In the June 18 edition of New York's Jewish weekly the *Forward*, Rabbi Jacob Goldstein suggested Sharpton's presence at the event would hurt Clinton down the campaign trail. "She's very happy to be associated with those type[s] of people," he said. "The voters of New York will decide if that's the kind of person they want to represent them." One Jewish activist says he would consider it a slap in the face if Clinton courted Sharpton's support. "There are people—myself among them—who will make sure it comes back to haunt her if she does that."

Sharpton dismisses talk of a voter backlash, insisting that that specter was dispelled during recent elections: "How come it didn't happen to Schumer? How come it didn't happen to Spitzer?" Besides, he says matter-of-factly, "controversial or not, I'm considered to be a top black-vote-getter."

It's likely this perception that has prompted New York's Democratic establishment to play along in refurbishing the reverend's image. "The Reverend Sharpton is part of our political landscape," says Victor Kovner, state chairman of the '96 Clinton-Gore campaign. "He has matured. He has a history of some truly irresponsible actions, but he has grown dramatically. It would be hard to say he's not a positive force now." Former New York City Mayors Ed Koch and David Dinkins also marvel at the reverend's newfound maturity. "Sharpton's a more responsible guy than he was years ago when I arrested him," Koch told *The Weekly Standard* in March.

Rehabilitated or not, Sharpton still requires delicate handling, some Democrats admit (though not on the record). "You do not want him calling a press conference and saying,

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'So-and-so is ignoring the African American community,'" says one party operative. "The trick is to deal with him enough that he doesn't cause trouble but not so much that you alienate moderate swing voters."

Other Dems say Clinton should take the risk and ignore the reverend. "She has and her husband has a record on issues of concern to African Americans," says one party veteran. "She doesn't necessarily need his blessing to prove herself in those communities."

But early signs are that the First Couple has every intention of currying Sharpton's favor. In addition to his Yankees invite, the reverend was asked to share the stage with President Clinton at the Justice Department's June conference on racial profiling. Sharpton sees his inclusion in such events as evidence that the Clintons are "positioning themselves" for Hillary's Senate run: "Even I found it hard to say why they'd invite me to the Yankees event—other than maybe they're moving to New York."

At this point, the reverend has yet to be contacted by anyone from the first lady's burgeoning political team. But he's not concerned—and he has no intention of making the first move. "The good thing about sitting in my position is I don't have to call people," he says with obvious relish. "Sooner or later, they'll call me.... It's just a matter of time." ■

Strom Thurmond, down by law.

Soul Man

By JOHN SIMPKINS

FOR EACH OF the past 13 years, a certain United States senator has sponsored a resolution to designate a week in the early fall as National Historically Black Colleges and Universities Week. Black colleges, the senator proclaimed, most recently in 1998, "have provided thousands of economically disadvantaged young people with the opportunity to obtain a college education.... These institutions have a long and distinguished history of providing the training necessary for participation in a rapidly changing society." So who is this ardent supporter of black colleges? Paul Wellstone? Ted Kennedy? Well, actually, it's South Carolina Republican Strom Thurmond.

Indeed, the sponsorship of the black colleges resolution is just one example of Thurmond's efforts over the past 30 years to ingratiate himself with his black constituents. He has attended black college football games, he has learned the words to a Barry White song, and, most importantly, he has supplied his black constituents with the legislative goodies they have asked for. Needless to say, though, when it comes to black South Carolinians, Thurmond has a lot of ingratiating to do. Enraged by even the relatively modest civil rights reforms of the Truman administration, he ran for president as a segregationist Dixiecrat in 1948 and filibustered for a Senate-record 24 hours against the 1957 Civil Rights Act.

But, through his various goodwill gestures, Thurmond has managed to blur memories of his segregationist past. "If Strom Thurmond had died at age seventy, he would have gone down as a segregationist, but, thank God, God blessed him to change," says black conservative commentator Armstrong Williams, a former Thurmond staffer and an ardent supporter of the senator. "Hopefully Strom will have set an example that, if he can change, anybody can." And, if most black South Carolinians still don't exactly like Thurmond, they don't hate him, either. That means they don't mobilize against him when it's campaign season—which is one major reason Thurmond is currently in his eighth Senate term.

A MASTER OF RETAIL politics, Thurmond has built his nearly three-quarters-of-a-century political career on his personal ties with his constituents. Even as he approaches 100, Thurmond can still be found at the various agricultural festivals that give small South Carolina towns something—anything—to brag about. As he's attending peach-pie-eating contests, Okra Queen pageants, and Chitlin' Struts, Thurmond presses the flesh of the voters, black and white alike. But Thurmond's efforts reach beyond public appearances. Through his legendary constituent service machine, Thurmond has delivered to black voters in very tangible ways.

When the poor, primarily African American community of Hopkins was about to lose its post office in the late '80s, residents called on their representatives in Washington for assistance. Thurmond flew down to meet with members of the community. "He was the only senator who responded that way," says Joe Neal, a black politician who represents Hopkins in the state legislature. And, more importantly, Thurmond delivered: the Hopkins post office continues to operate to this day. "He's managed to transcend political category because he's done so many favors of this kind for so many people who call for help," Neal says.

A great many of those favors are bestowed upon South Carolina's eight historically black colleges. The gymnasium and swimming-pool complex at Voorhees College, for example, were made possible in part through federal funds secured with the help of Thurmond's office. Indeed, when South Carolina State University, the state's most prestigious black school, reinstituted the awarding of honorary degrees in 1986, Thurmond was among the first recipients. Although many on the South Carolina State faculty opposed giving Thurmond an honorary degree, political science Professor Rickey Hill recalls, "The response from the president was that they had to do it because Thurmond has been supportive of the institution and it could mean a great deal of money."

To be sure, some African American political leaders are less than impressed with Thurmond's efforts. "If you're giving twenty million dollars to Clemson [South Carolina's land-grant university and Thurmond's alma mater]," complains the South Carolina House's Democratic leader, Gilda Cobb-Hunter, "and you say, 'OK, S.C. State, here's a million,'

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they're so grateful for the million that they don't look at the fact that Clemson got twenty million and they only got one." Still, $1 million is $1 million.

THE ROOTS OF Thurmond's efforts on behalf of his black constituents go back to the 1970 South Carolina gubernatorial election. That was when Albert Watson, a GOP congressman and segregationist, lost to Democrat John West in what was largely a referendum on the continued integration of South Carolina schools. For the first time since Reconstruction, black voters had made the difference in a statewide race. Harry Dent, a Thurmond adviser and architect of Richard Nixon's 1968 Southern Strategy that played on racial animosities to deliver the South to the GOP, saw that electoral politics were changing in South Carolina. Realizing that Thurmond faced a fate similar to Watson's if he did not moderate his views on race in the 30-percent-black state, Dent said, "Senator, it's time to make a change."

Change came in the person of Tom Moss. On Dent's recommendation, Thurmond hired Moss as the first black staffer in the South Carolina congressional delegation. Moss, who had helped to organize the growing black electorate as South Carolina coordinator for the Voter Education Project, served as Thurmond's racial tutor on black politics, black life, and black concerns. "A staffer like Tom Moss has helped Thurmond understand the black community, has opened a dialogue between the senator and the community," notes Lee Bandy, longtime political columnist for South Carolina's largest newspaper, *The State*.

So what has Thurmond gained by changing his ways? Basically, he's neutralized any threat of a Democratic challenge fueled by black votes. He received an estimated 15 to 20 percent of the black vote against textile millionaire Elliot Close in 1996. (By contrast, Republican David Beasley in his 1994 and 1998 gubernatorial runs received only eight percent and six percent of the black vote, respectively.) In Thurmond's 1996 race, several black small-town mayors actually endorsed the senator. More importantly, Thurmond has received black South Carolinians' "negative support," in the sense that they don't actively work to throw him out of office. Black political leaders "would never publicly campaign against [Thurmond]," observes Armstrong Williams. "They would never tell people not to vote for him because they would not want to interrupt the good that they gain from him." Indeed, other than Thurmond's spirited contest with Charles "Pug" Ravenel in 1978, black support for Democratic challengers has been tepid, making it difficult for the Democratic Party to draft good candidates. The conventional wisdom in the state is that many blacks either don't vote in Thurmond's race or secretly split their traditionally straight Democratic ticket to support him.

Representative Neal describes this reaction as "schizoid." He explains of black South Carolinians: "We both like and dislike him. We dislike him for what we perceive his racial position to have been, but you also have to applaud the man for the level of constituent services." Even Representative Cobb-Hunter, who by no means considers herself a Thurmond supporter, gives the senator high marks for getting things done. "I'm not sure of any instance when I have contacted him when he has not followed through," she admits.

That he has won the grudging respect of Cobb-Hunter demonstrates just how far Thurmond has come. Though still lampooned around the country as a doddering old racist, a survey of his constituents reveals a different picture. Doddering and old he undoubtedly is; at 96, it's hard to be anything else. But the racist label doesn't stick as easily as it once might have. While Thurmond's ideological soul mate and neighbor to the north, Jesse Helms, has stayed in office by playing the race card in each of his polarizing campaigns, Thurmond has done just the opposite. Like him or not, he's proved himself to be a masterful politician, creating a relatively broad power base in South Carolina while nobody was looking.

As Cobb-Hunter explains, Thurmond provides a simple lesson for all politicians. "Remember who you are and remember 'whose' you are," she instructs. Indeed, by realizing whose he is—all of South Carolina's—Thurmond probably saved his political life. Something to keep in mind as we enjoy this year's National Historically Black Colleges and Universities Week. ■

The body count is back.

Numbers Game

By RYAN LIZZA

EACH DAY DURING the war in Kosovo, promptly at three o'clock in the afternoon, Brussels time, NATO's press spokesmen would appear to brief the media. Each day, they distributed an update on the number of sorties flown by NATO aircraft and the number of targets hit. Read one typical release: "[A]llied aircraft struck 21 artillery pieces, 30 mortar positions, four tanks, ten armored personnel carriers, eight anti-aircraft artillery pieces." Jamie Shea, NATO's chief spokesman, seemed to relish the task. "NATO has once again established a new record for the number of strikes that it has been able to carry out," he boasted on May 26. "I have every reason to expect that that record will be beaten quickly."

By the end of May, as the fighting between the Kosovo Liberation Army (KLA) and Serb forces in the Mount Pastrik and Junik areas of southern Kosovo intensified, NATO was a font of numbers. During the last two weeks of the war, as KLA attacks obliged the Serbs to mass their troops, creating what NATO called a "target-rich environment," NATO reported huge increases in hits on tanks, armored vehicles, and artillery pieces. NATO even began quantifying Serb casualties, claiming that air strikes had killed or wounded "far more than 10,000" Serb personnel—a quarter of the Yugoslav forces in Kosovo. Soon after, NATO raised its tally to 5,000 dead and 10,000 wounded.

Now that the war is over and the Western press finally has access to Kosovo, more and more people are questioning these estimates. The issue is not academic. It bears heavily on the question of what, precisely, prompted Yugoslav President

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Slobodan Milosevic to accept NATO's terms and evacuate Kosovo. If air power alone did the trick, then the war would produce one set of lessons. If, instead, it was the threat of a NATO ground invasion or some other factor that tipped the balance, then the lessons learned would be quite different.

Furthermore, the U.S.-led alliance's resort to crudely quantitative measures of the war's progress represented a return to the modern equivalent of the old Vietnam "body count." This happened in spite of the never-again attitude of the Vietnam-era officers who now lead the U.S. military toward the routinely inflated body counts of that war, which were a major blot on the honor of their institutions. Indeed, NATO Supreme Commander General Wesley Clark himself had pledged that NATO was not going to engage in "battle-damage bean-counting." But it did. This has implications both for the military's self-perception and for the public's understanding of what really happened in Kosovo.

In Vietnam, America didn't just count enemy bodies. Everything was quantified: sorties flown, targets struck, bombs dropped, and so on. The instigator and living embodiment of this mentality was Robert McNamara, the former Ford Motor Company chief with a background in accounting, who ran the war as President Johnson's secretary of defense. As David Halberstam memorably put it in *The Best and the Brightest*, McNamara was "the quantifier trying to quantify the unquantifiable"—trying to come up with ways to convince the press and public that the United States was gradually grinding down the Communists and breaking their will to resist. The truth was that the U.S. effort, impeded from going all the way to Hanoi by concerns about Russian or Chinese intervention, lacked clear political goals or a serious alternative strategy for winning what had become a prolonged guerrilla war.

But the military saluted and gave McNamara what he wanted. In Vietnam, "Victory was a high body count, defeat a low kill ratio, war a matter of arithmetic," Philip Caputo once observed. Aware of the importance their civilian superiors in Washington placed on the body count, American military officers reported bogus numbers, largely in order to speed their own promotions. One study suggested the body count was overstated by as much as 100 percent. Whatever the real count, the sharp difference between official statistics and what Americans saw in reports from the field led to a loss of faith in military pronouncements that took years to overcome.

The military leaders who emerged from the crucible of Vietnam swore never to repeat this grotesque fraud. In his autobiography, former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Colin Powell dismisses the body count as the "grisly yardstick" that led to "a macabre statistical competition"—illustrating his point by recounting how a young soldier excitedly brought him the freshly cut ears of a Vietcong whom he wanted added to the day's tally. In his own autobiography, General Norman Schwarzkopf admits to reporting (reluctantly) a phony body count in Vietnam: "I felt like I'd been party to a bureaucratic sham." As an Army general in the 1983 American military operation in Grenada, Schwarzkopf refused to provide a body count for the enemy until the

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Atlantic Command ordered him to do so. When an aide presented him with a clearly bogus number, Schwarzkopf says, he exploded: "This is the biggest bunch of bullshit I've ever seen!" (Nevertheless, although he found the number "impossible to believe," it went off to headquarters.)

It wasn't until the 1991 Gulf war that Powell and Schwarzkopf got to put the lessons of Vietnam into practice. "I'm anti-body count," Schwarzkopf declared. "Body count means nothing, absolutely nothing." Of course, the Gulf war had its statistical flimflam, too: daily press briefings during the air campaign churned out mind-numbing statistics on the numbers of sorties flown, bombs dropped, and tanks destroyed. But Schwarzkopf at least turned down frequent media requests for numbers on Iraqi casualties: "All it is is a wild guess that tends to mislead people as to what's going on." (To be sure, after the war, when the Pentagon finally did release an estimate of Iraqi casualties, the numbers were exposed as grossly overstated.)

IN A SENSE, the Gulf war commanders had it easier. They could dispense with the body count because they faced a conventional war with an easily identifiable, concrete goal: pushing Saddam out of Kuwait. And they were relatively unencumbered, geopolitically or otherwise, with regard to the means they could employ to achieve it. Whether the United States killed 10,000 Iraqi soldiers or just one was thus not all that relevant as long as U.S. forces ultimately liberated Kuwait. "We were there to win a war," said a Pentagon spokesman in 1991, summing up the military's new philosophy.

Which brings us back to Kosovo. Take NATO's claim that the Serbs suffered 5,000 dead and 10,000 injured. On its face, this is highly suspicious. Don't forget that NATO's accidental destruction of a convoy of Kosovar refugees was originally reported as a major strike on a military target. And could the Serbs really have been losing men at an average rate of 64 killed and 128 wounded per day? In modern combat, the ratio between dead and wounded soldiers usually runs one-to-three or one-to-four. With a total of 10,000 wounded we would thus expect, at most, 3,300 deaths. There have been no reports yet of graves full of Serb soldiers, no footage of Serb forces returning to Belgrade with heaps of body bags—nor, for that matter, have we seen any evidence that the hospitals in Serbia were full of the war-wounded.

Indeed, since Western reporters reentered Kosovo, there hasn't been a single report of someone stumbling upon the body of a dead Serb soldier. NATO officials claimed that 400 to 600 Serb troops were killed as they massed at the foot of Mount Pastrik to repel the KLA. Cause of death: a sudden series of massive air strikes led by American B-1 and B-52 bombers. Yet a recent *Washington Post* report said that, while the strike was indeed spectacular to behold, KLA soldiers who witnessed it estimate a death toll of "more than 200," which is consistent with a monitored Serb radio call at the time that mentioned a figure of 260 dead. A *New York Times* reporter who recently visited the village of Planeje at the foot of Mount Pastrik found leveled houses but no bodies.

When the war finally ended and the Serb forces were given the opportunity to withdraw, NATO counted 47,000 Serb troops exiting from Kosovo. That's 7,000 more than NATO believed were present at the beginning of the conflict. "The Serbs had only 11 days to get out," says one reporter writing for a major American newspaper from Kosovo who is mystified at the lack of damage to the Yugoslav army. "Is it possible that they dragged thousands of bodies with them?"

At the campaign's end, Secretary of Defense William Cohen declared, "We severely crippled the military forces in Kosovo by destroying more than fifty percent of the artillery and more than one-third of the armored vehicles." Other NATO officials guessed the alliance had taken out 150 of Serbia's 300 tanks. Again, reports from the ground suggest a different picture. "The first impressions are, 'Where's all the damage?'" Carlotta Gall of *The New York Times* told me. "I spent ten days driving around the entire area, and I saw one destroyed tank," adds Mark Dennis of *Newsweek*. *The Times* of London reports that NATO might have destroyed only 13 tanks, and *The New York Times* reported that Kosovo is littered not with demolished tanks but "scores" of decoys, inflatable or plywood replicas that NATO repeatedly hit with its million-dollar missiles. The Serbs may have managed to take out all the destroyed equipment undetected. Still, the apparent discrepancies have caused such a row in London that Prime Minister Tony Blair's Conservative opponents have called for an independent inquiry to find out if Blair's ministers misled Parliament.

WHY DID THE allies get sucked into the body-count trap again? In part, the daily briefings were a response to short-term political pressures, chiefly the need to feed a media beast far more voracious than anything the Vietnam-era military ever had to contend with. Kosovo will not go into the history books as a Vietnam-like defeat. Yet it was marked by an apparent mismatch between NATO's means and ends—a lack of strategic clarity that dominated discussions of the war in Washington right up to the minute Milosevic gave in to NATO. In this way, Kosovo did resemble Vietnam. Self-limited by diplomatic concerns (largely over Russian and Chinese reaction) and a fear of committing ground troops—and facing a foe whose forces were widely dispersed and hidden among the civilian population—the allies could not produce a map of liberated territory, so they fell back on statistical indicators.

The real reasons for Milosevic's capitulation are harder for the Clinton administration to discuss openly, because they do not necessarily square with the official narrative of a successful, and relatively antiseptic, air campaign. First, Milosevic was clearly spooked by the extensive damage NATO did to the civilian infrastructure in Serbia. Second, Russia ultimately sold out the Serbs, agreeing in principle to most of NATO's agenda. And, finally, NATO gave off increasing signs that it might actually come in on the ground.

Will one cost of the muted Kosovo victory be the U.S. military's hard-won credibility? In announcing his quasi-capitulation, Milosevic noted that 576 police and Serb military had been killed by NATO. It's sobering to consider that this number may well be closer to the truth than any figure NATO issued. ■

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Is religion good for your health?

Faith Healers

By GREGG EASTERBROOK

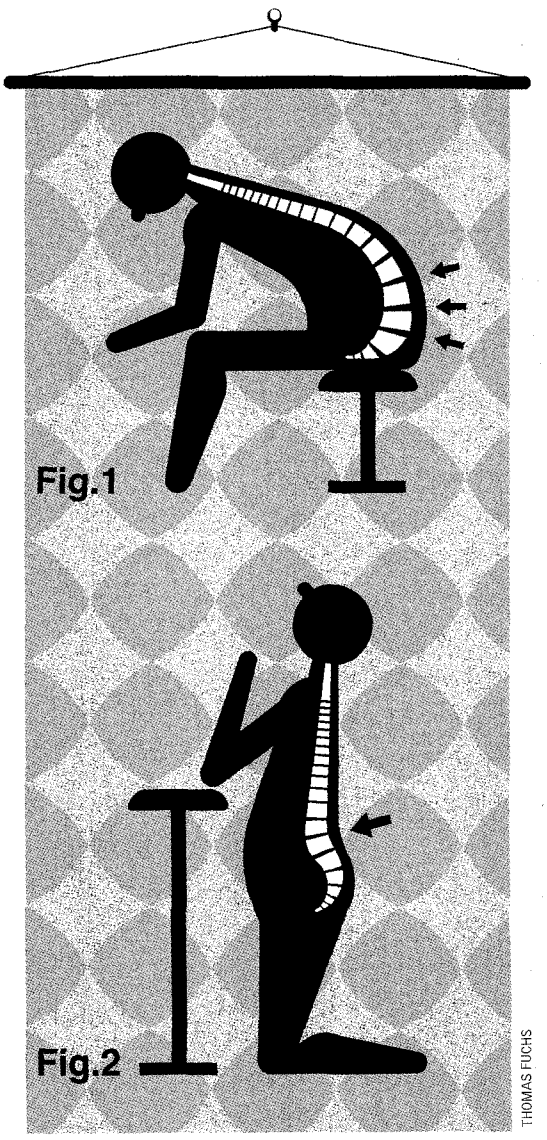
TRADITIONALLY, RELIGION IS viewed as a haven for the sick and afflicted; Jesus, when he walked the ancient Holy Land, often ministered first to the diseased. But what if the traditional view is wrong and belief actually promotes better health? To the exasperation of some academics, that is what a growing body of medical research is beginning to show.

Recent studies indicate that men and women who practice in any of the mainstream faiths have above-average longevity, fewer strokes, less heart disease, less clinical depression, better immune-system function, lower blood pressure, and fewer anxiety attacks, and they are much less likely to commit suicide than the population at large. These findings come from secular medical schools and schools of public health. The results seem to hold even when researchers control for such variables as believers' health histories, the self-selection effect (whether the kind of people who bound out of bed for a Sabbath service tend to be more able-bodied to begin with), and "social support" (the fact that religious groups offer care networks to those who fall ill). In the most striking finding, Dr. Harold Koenig of Duke University Medical Center has calculated that, with regard to any mainstream faith, "[l]ack of religious involvement has an effect on mortality that is equivalent to 40 years of smoking one pack of cigarettes per day."

Koenig and a group of researchers affiliated with such schools as Duke, Harvard, and Yale recently reviewed some 1,100 health-effects studies involving religious practice and found that most, though not all, show statistically significant relationships between worship-service attendance and improved health. (Researchers use service attendance as their proxy because it is an objective data point, as opposed to trying to classify what people privately believe.) In one study, the blood of regular worshipers contained low levels of interleukin-6, a protein associated with immune problems (low is good for interleukin-6). Even subjects with the AIDS virus who regularly practiced a faith had reduced levels of this protein. Another study found that, in Jerusalem, secular Israeli adults "had a significantly higher risk" of heart disease than practicing religious adults.

A 28-year cohort study of approximately 5,000 Californians, conducted by the researcher William Strawbridge and published two years ago in the *American Journal of Public Health*, found that women who attended one worship service per week significantly extended their life spans, though benefits were not as clear for men. Strawbridge found that believers as a group were not initially healthier than average (that is, self-selecting and leaving the bedridden behind) but instead tended to start off in worse-than-average health and then gradually improve to superior outcomes. Another new study, conducted mainly by researchers at the University of Texas, found that those who regularly attended worship services lived an average of seven years longer than those who never attended.

Duke's Koenig says the association between religious participation and good health holds for almost all Christianity and Judaism, and he assumes it would hold for Islam as well, though studies have not included enough Muslim subjects to be sure. "The main distinction seems to be whether you are a regular practitioner," Koenig says. "Within Christianity there is very little difference in outcomes among the various denominations, except for nonmainstream denominations. Between Judaism and Christianity there is very little difference." Positive results can pass between generations, too. When parents regularly attend worship services, they increase the odds that their children will live longer, healthier lives.



For nonmainstream denominations, the story is different. Christian Scientists suffer some of the nation's worst longevity statistics, despite their denomination's claim to exalt health. The Faith Assembly, a Christian offshoot whose members may shun medical care, has horrible mortality figures. And when people join cults their health indicators fall off the bottom of the curve—most catastrophically in Jonestown and Waco.

Some in the medical community are unhappy about the proliferation of studies suggesting a faith-

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health link or about the fact that 60 of the nation's 126 medical schools now have religion courses on their curricula, a much higher figure than a few years ago. Dr. Richard Sloan of Columbia University's medical school says, "The majority of these studies focus on Christians, suggesting a Christian political agenda behind the work." Even Dr. David Larson, the president of the National Institute for Healthcare Research and a leading exponent of faith-and-medicine—his letterhead proclaims, "Bridging the gap between spirituality and health"—notes, "There is a fair concern this research will be misused by the Christian right." But any U.S. research would have to focus on Christians, since they compose the country's predominant religious group. If there really is a faith-health link, patients deserve to know.

JOHN BILLINGS, THE Civil War-era surgeon general of the Army and, later, the first librarian of the New York Public Library, wrote that religion appeared to reduce mortality in the groups he studied. But correlation never proves causation; the fact that people practice a faith and also improve their well-being doesn't establish that religion was the reason.

Medical research is replete with "confounders," complications that can never really be controlled out of studies, no matter how hard researchers try. To cite a mundane example, for decades studies of caffeine have landed all over the map—some find it dangerous, some beneficial, some neutral. Caffeine studies are confounded by the huge range of other influences to which every person is exposed: different diets, lifestyle habits, home and work circumstances, heredity. Researchers try to get confounders to "wash out" of studies by examining large cohorts and also by following subjects for long periods, on the theory that whatever persists is statistically strong. But, even so, it is not unusual for two equally well-done studies to reach widely differing conclusions. If medicine still can't be sure whether a cup of Starbucks helps or hurts, it can't be sure about church, mosque, or synagogue, either.

Why would practicing a faith improve your longevity and well-being? When studies first began to show a faith-health relationship, many assumed social support would be the explanation. It's clearly an important factor: people who regularly attend religious services are seen by concerned friends who will notice if something appears wrong, call to check up if a person suddenly stops attending, visit, and provide care and encouragement during illness. All these influences improve health and longevity. Merely having a support group that expresses concern if something seems wrong and encourages treatment can be a big plus, as early therapy is almost always most effective.

But studies tend to find a faith-health link even when social support is factored out. Some researchers thought the faith-health relationship might emanate from denominational bans against alcohol, caffeine, and smoking or from dietary standards such as the kosher laws. But confound those confounders—it now looks as if small amounts of alcohol might be good for you, while studies don't show much health-benefit distinction between self-denying Seventh Day

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Adventists and anything-goes Episcopalians.

Current thinking tends toward the assumption that spiritual practice confers its main health benefit by promoting a sensible lifestyle. Specifics differ, but every mainstream Western denomination encourages the flock to drink in moderation, shun drugs, stop smoking, live circumspectly, practice monogamy, get married, and stay married. (Bickering and skillet-throwing notwithstanding, as a group married adults have better health indicators than singles of comparable ages, in part because spouses serve as each other's "social support.") The lifestyle choices encouraged by faith for reasons of theology aren't terribly different from the choices physicians encourage for reasons of playing the percentages. Of course, secular systems of life philosophy also encourage people to practice moderation and fidelity. But, encompassing millions of members and calling on an ultimate authority, religions may simply be doing a better job of advocating the circumspect life, thus conferring comparative health advantages on practitioners.

THE BELIEVER'S LIFESTYLE might even have a historical foundation in the relationship between spiritual practice and longevity. Historians, for instance, are reasonably confident that the Jewish-Muslim prohibition against pork consumption had its origin in protecting believers from trichinosis. Perhaps self-preservation effects such as this extend across many aspects of religion. Those faiths that taught adherents to live circumspectly and care for one another were more likely to prosper, passing down their assumptions, and their health benefits, to the present day.

Jumping off from that, Dr. Herbert Benson of Harvard Medical School has proposed that one reason faith may be linked to better health—indeed, a reason faith and society are historically linked—is that natural selection favors religion. In Benson's theory, during prehistory those clans or groups that possessed the stirrings of religious belief would have developed better health habits and recognized a responsibility to care for family and neighbors. This would have increased "kin fitness," or the likelihood that the group overall would pass along its members' genes. Descendants were then raised with a disposition toward belief; the descendants increased their own survival fitness through faith-motivated health habits and altruistic care of others; they created new descendants and so on. In this way, Benson thinks, human beings became "wired for God," genetically predisposed to have faith. Obviously, religion did not confer a selection advantage in every case: sometimes it caused communities to become targets of war or to engage in internal repression. But, on the macroscale of evolution, those who believed were likelier to live long, healthy lives than those who did not believe. The same, Benson thinks, remains true today.

None of the respectable faith-and-health researchers proposes that religion extends longevity through supernatural agency. Some do, however, take seriously the utility of prayer. Studies of "intercessionary" prayer—Person A prays for the health of Person B—haven't turned up much. But studies do suggest that prayer favorably influences health outcomes for the person who does the praying.

The nonsectarian form of prayer that is akin to meditation has long been recognized by clinicians to improve composure and the sense of well-being; anyone can benefit from a period of meditative prayer each day. Studies at Duke University and elsewhere have recently found that traditional religious "petitionary" prayer, or silently addressing God, also favors health. In one study, subjects who both attended worship services and regularly prayed had lower blood pressure than the control group. Researchers assume that traditional prayer can confer health benefits through the psychological effects of equanimity. Benson's studies, for instance, suggest that a calm state of mind improves the body's self-healing abilities.

Camps in the medical community were displeased when the American Cancer Society recently declared, "Sometimes answers come from prayer when medical science has none." On one level the statement is inarguable; reverence for higher purpose might comfort the victim of illness in ways that no drug or technology ever could. But conventional medicine is comfortable only with the sociological notion that the sick may console themselves by addressing a Maker, real or speculative. The idea that there is an actual reply, that "answers come from prayer," is one that makes much of the medical establishment uneasy, even if the source of the "answer" is no more than the person's own contemplative understanding.

Yet one of the modern era's little secrets is that it is hardly only the Bible-thumpers who pray. John Houghton, among the world's foremost atmospheric physicists and a leading proponent of global-warming theory, regularly prays and has written articles on the value of prayer. The Nobel Prize-winning physicist Charles Townes, principal inventor of the laser beam, says that he prays daily. Pundits might snicker, but, if regular prayer composes the mind and confers health benefits, the person who prays is following the intelligent course, regardless of the verity of any religion.

ANOTHER POSSIBILITY FOR the link between longevity and faith turns on mental health. Koenig suspects that many physical benefits of religious practice originate with the sense of well-being or purposefulness that believers report: he finds it revealing that the faithful experience fewer bouts of clinical depression than the population at large and that, when depression does strike, they recover faster. In this view, faith doesn't merely have an agreeable placebo effect on the mind but helps believers acquire coping mechanisms that ward off stress and anxiety, lower stress in turn being favorable for physical health. Dr. Esther Sternberg, a researcher at the National Institute of Mental Health, devotes a fine new book, *A Delicate Balance*, to the evidence that health and quality of life are improved by possessing an affirmative emotional sense, including the belief that existence is worthwhile and has purpose.

The mental health point isn't just a detached observation. Sternberg's premise, after all, is not much different from saying that postmodernism is bad for your health. Many in the academic establishment are uncomfortable with evidence that belief promotes mental health, as this implies that faith ought to be the normative condition, compared to unbelief.

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Here faith-and-health treads some of the same ground as the emerging "good life" movement in psychology. Postwar psychology and social science have emphasized dysfunction, studying what causes people to become alienated or antisocial. The good-life movement seeks instead to emphasize what causes people to become high-minded and altruistic. "Good life" in this sense means the admirable path, not wine and roses; Eleanor Roosevelt is a favorite topic of good-life proponents. Martin Seligman of the University of Pennsylvania, recently president of the American Psychological Association, is a leader in this evolving discipline, having said that scholars ought to "turn their eyes to the best in life."

The regnant intellectual view is that the awful truth about society is revealed when people are driven to madness; the good-life movement asserts, instead, that the shining truth is revealed when people become selfless. But academia is today much more comfortable with lamenting ugliness than endorsing virtue. To hold up Eleanor Roosevelt—or anyone else—as a psychological archetype goes against the current vogue for radical nonjudgmentalism.

There's an obvious corollary here between good-life psychology and the faith-and-health question. If psychology ought to be focusing on what causes morality, and mainstream religions promote morality and mental health, we have a new argument for taking faith seriously. The cynical view of religion was so deeply ingrained in postwar intellectual thought that, until 1994, the American Psychiatric Association classified strong spiritual belief as a "disorder." Now faith is looking like a health boon. Quite a switcheroo.

And, speaking of fun twists, it's established that physicians have an obligation to advise patients to take steps that research shows to be associated with longevity, such as not smoking. It's also established that doctors may counsel patients on highly personal subjects, such as sexual behavior. So, if faith increases your odds of good health, does this mean your physician has an obligation to advise you to become religious?

Sloan, of Columbia, says he fears doctors may soon be pressured to dispense such advice and counters that, although research has shown that being married correlates with better health, this does not cause physicians to advise patients to rush to the chapel. The trouble with this reasoning is that counseling patients to wed is not utilitarian: there's no guarantee you'll find a compatible partner. Recommending religion, on the other hand, is quite pragmatic advice. Anyone can join a faith; attending services is a lot easier than quitting smoking.

Nevertheless, "Even if the research shows that religion is good for health, that doesn't mean doctors should prescribe it like antibiotics," says Larson, the faith-and-health advocate. Koenig thinks the research only demonstrates that physicians should "ask the patient if he or she practices a religion and, if so, what the physician can do to offer support. At this point, we have enough research to say that is good clinical medicine."

Spiritual awareness may indeed be good for you, but it's just as well that your doctor not double as clergy. If faith ever became a formal adjunct of medicine, HMOs could end up publishing lists of preferred-provider churches, mosques, and synagogues, requiring a precertification number before the priest can perform last rites, and—well, you can guess the rest. ■

ASSOCIATION OF LITERARY SCHOLARS AND CRITICS

THE FIFTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

Friday, 29 October

2:00-4:00 p.m. *World Literature.* Chair: **John Ellis** (UC Santa Cruz).
Sir Hugh Lloyd Jones (Oxford): "Goethe and the Greeks."
Michael Moses (Duke): "Magical Realism as a World Genre."
Gary Saul Morson (Northwestern): "Dostoevsky and the Literature of Process."

4:30-5:30 p.m. Poetry Reading by **Charles Wright** from his work in progress.

Saturday, 30 October

9:00-11:00 noon. *Cervantes in a World Context.* Chair: **Dario Fernandez-Morera** (Northwestern).
Diana Wilson (University of Denver): "Cervantes and the Indies."
Howard Young (Pomona): "Conversations between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza."
James Parr (UC Riverside): "Don Quixote: Translation and Interpretation."

2:00-4:00 p.m. *The Humanities in the Undergraduate Curriculum.* Chair: **Mark Bauerlein** (Emory).
Kathy Eden (Columbia University): "The Great Books in the Undergraduate Curriculum."
John Briggs (UC Riverside): "Composition and the Humanities."
Thomas F. Bertonneau (ALSC): "Orality, Literacy, and the Humanities."

8:00 p.m. Banquet, followed by an address by **Sir Ferdinand Mount,** Editor in Chief, *Times Literary Supplement.*

Sunday, 31 October (Concurrent Sessions)

9:00-11:00 a.m. *Charles Wright, Poet and Three Critics.* Chair: **Eleanor Cook** (University of Toronto).
Bonnie Costello (Boston University): "The Passions of Charles Wright."
James Longenbach (University of Rochester): "The Landscapes of Charles Wright."
Willard Spiegelman (Southern Methodist University): "On Charles Wright."

Romantic Poetry. Chair: **Norman Fruman** (University of Minnesota).
Robert Gleckner (Duke): "Humpty Dumpty Blake."
Jerome McGann (University of Virginia): "Millennial Romanticism."
James Engell (Harvard): "Romantic Poems and Ideas."

Drama: Classic to Renaissance. Chair: **Mary Lefkowitz** (Wellesley).
Charles Marowitz (Malibu Stage Company): "Shakespearean Acting – Clue to Action."
Tom Hester (North Carolina State): "Reading the 'Tale' in The Merchant of Venice."
Eric Gans (UCLA): "Aeschylus to Racine – Drama's Internal Scene."

The conference registration fee of $70 ($40 for junior members) covers all meetings and events, as well as coffee breaks and Saturday dinner. For room reservations call the New York Marriott: 212-938-9100. To register for the conference, or for further information about the ALSC, write to ALSC, 105 S. Franklin, No. 220, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858, USA. Phone: 517-772-7228. Email: alitsc@aol.com.

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MAN

IT'S A GLORIOUS JUNE MORNING IN Palo Alto on a tree-lined street of ample but unremarkable homes, the kind that would cost $150,000 in Wisconsin but start closer to $1.5 million in fin de siècle Silicon Valley. Here, in a tiny second-floor office in his Spanish-style stucco, sits Ron Unz, theoretical physicist turned software entrepreneur turned political revolutionary. Last year, while Al Checchi and Jane Harman dropped $55 million in failed gubernatorial bids whose only legacy was to make TV stations richer, Unz spent $700,000 on Proposition 227 (English for the Children) and scrapped a failed system of bilingual education for 1.4 million California kids, almost certainly improving their life chances in the process. Instead of hiring the usual army of staff and consultants, Unz ran his campaign virtually by himself—at home, often in pajamas, with a handful of volunteers and a few paid staffers in Los Angeles, relying on his own mass faxes, e-mailings, and media appearances to get his message out. Now, buoyed by the way he was able to trump years of ineffectual bipartisan hand-wringing with one bold stroke, Unz is working 16 hours a day on his latest cause: an initiative for the March 2000 ballot that features the most ambitious campaign finance reform in the nation.

This isn't your usual picture of a Republican millionaire on a mission. Apart from his spartan office, Unz's house, where he has lived for six years, shows few signs of adult habitation. The huge living room contains not a stick of furniture. The fridge holds mostly Gatorade, muffins, and frozen snacks; Unz, a 37-year-old bachelor, eats half his meals at Burger King. He sleeps on a mattress on the floor. The bathrooms are dirty, and the dust is thick. There's no one who comes in to clean, no photos on display, and no escaping the thought that a well-heeled businessman has to have a screw loose to live this way. Unz demurs: he's too busy changing the world to hire a decorator and too indifferent to his surroundings to care. "I tend to be a very focused individual," he says.

Unz's focus has California's political establishment up in arms. It was bad enough in 1994, when Unz made an insurgent run against Pete Wilson in the GOP primary. Now, like Matt Drudge, who scooped and toyed with the national press from his one-bedroom hideout in Hollywood, Unz has figured out how to leverage his brains, cash, and modern office technology to wage a one-man guerrilla war against the status quo. It's a style of activism that would have been impossible even five years ago. A decade hence, Unz suggests, it may be commonplace.

Unz's latest initiative, inspired by the horrors he saw in the bilingual campaign, took shape through his unique brand of wonky shrewdness. For months Unz sounded out think-tank gurus, bureaucrats, and other good-government types on what ailed campaign finance. He mined dusty commission reports that had languished for years. He enlisted Bob Stern, a respected nonpartisan veteran of the reform wars, to draft his measure and

MATTHEW MILLER, a syndicated columnist, is an L.A.-based senior fellow at the Annenberg Public Policy Center at the University of Pennsylvania.

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WITH A MISSION

RON UNZ'S IMPROBABLE ASSAULT ON THE POWERS THAT BE IN CALIFORNIA

BY MATTHEW MILLER

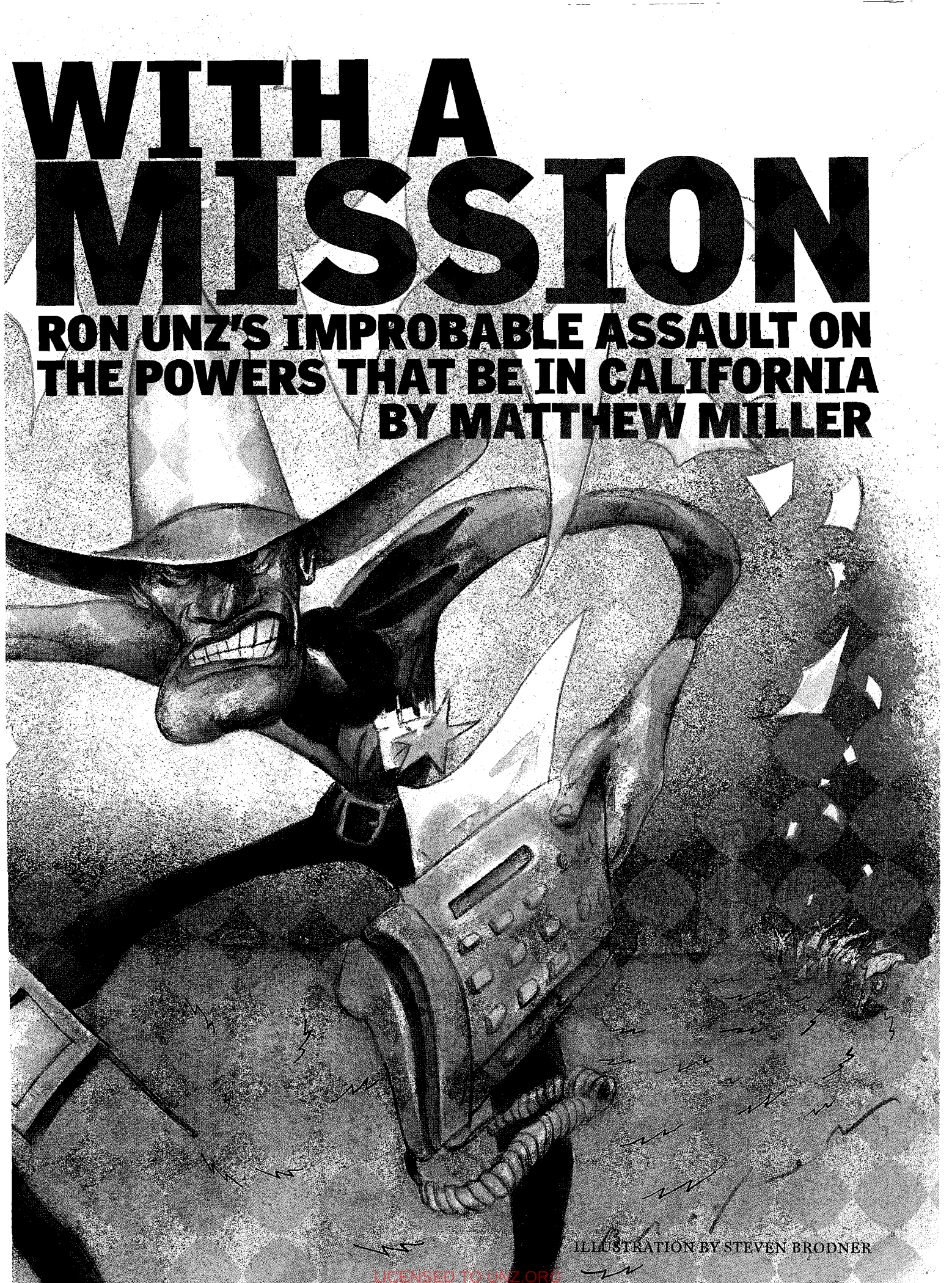

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN BRODNER

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got well-known Democrats (and California's lone Green Party legislator) to endorse it. Among other things, Unz's "California Voters Bill of Rights" includes voluntary spending limits accompanied by partial public financing, a ban on corporate giving to candidates, overnight Web-based disclosure, and reasonable contribution caps (e.g., $5,000 for statewide races) that should survive a court challenge. "It's far wider-reaching than McCain-Feingold," says Trevor Potter, former chairman of the Federal Election Commission.

Then Unz tossed in a real zinger. He tied these reforms to another one that would take control of the state's post-2000 census redistricting away from Governor Gray Davis and the Democratic legislature, giving it instead to a bipartisan commission of retired judges. This diabolical pairing has confounded everyone. Would Democrats cede control of redistricting to get the campaign fix of their dreams? Would Republicans swallow the public financing they loathe in order to avoid a partisan gerrymander that kills them in California and costs them their majority in the House?

"You get the feeling he takes some kind of glee when he thinks about the mischief he's making," says John Jacobs, a columnist for the *Sacramento Bee*. "He defies stereotype," adds Jim Knox, executive director of California Common Cause. "His basic strategy was essentially brilliant."

WHEN I VISIT Unz in early June, he's getting his plan on the ballot and urging Republicans to sign on. The first task is merely a matter of money, since the once-grassroots initiative process now relies mostly on paid signature-gathering firms. With a million dollars you can get anything before the voters. Unz is shrewdly "in the field" with two versions of his plan—one with the GOP-saving redistricting scheme, the other without. This lifts his leverage as he courts Republican leaders: he'd like to save the party, Unz can argue, but if they won't play (or opt for a rival, purely partisan redistricting measure), he'll go with their hated campaign finance fix alone.

As usual, Unz has been up since five a.m., reading three newspapers and scrolling others online. At six-thirty, he dons a Walkman with his favorite Neil Diamond tape for his mile-and-a-half constitutional to Burger King, where, over coffee, he scans three more papers from the out-of-town stand next door. Around eight he's back at his desk, working the phones and the computer. He checks in with signature-gathering firms for the latest intelligence. He tells scrambling GOP leaders that his bipartisan plan is the only one that can pass. With his mouse perched atop an old cardboard box by his side, Unz electronically assembles useful press notices or drafts notes to explain away bad ones. He e-mails stuff to his Web guy in Minnesota for posting to his Voters Rights 2000 site.

Roughly twice a week (any more and people won't read the stuff, he reasons), Unz bombards a few hundred key journalists, activists, and other political players with e-mailed packages; his blast-faxes reach 1,300. "A lot of what I do is being sort of the press person, the political strategist, and, more than anything, just the secretary," he says. "When I'm actually meeting with somebody, hopefully they've spent months receiving the faxes and e-mails and maybe their views have already been shifted a little bit." Near midnight, he'll bunk down and then start again at dawn.

What turned a mild-mannered physicist who, not long ago, published academic articles with titles such as "Functional Measure in Kaluza-Klein Theories" into a tireless political operator who calls in "air strikes" from *Wall Street Journal* editorial writers to move his agenda? Has California's crazy initiative process now given us a benevolent philosopher-king able to deliver citizens from the stasis of interest-group politics—or some mad political equivalent of Dr. No who's turning California, and potentially the nation, into his policy plaything?

RONALD KEEVA UNZ was born out of wedlock in Los Angeles's San Fernando Valley in 1961. Apart from passing on an aptitude for science, his father, now a professor of applied physics and electrical engineering at the University of Kansas, never became part of Unz's life, seeing him only twice as a boy and then at his Harvard graduation in 1983. Politics was a common topic at home. Unz's mother, a one-time English teacher who, her sister says, passed on to Ron the family's "hereditary sloppiness," was active in antiwar protests. She and Ron lived with his grandmother; they subsisted on welfare throughout his childhood. Unz, reticent on these matters, offers only that being fatherless and on the dole were sources of "embarrassment and discomfort" growing up in North Hollywood.

Affirmation came at school. In second grade, Unz was tested as having a 214 IQ at a time when, as one of his former teachers recalls, the *Guinness Book of World Records* listed 200 as the highest on record. Programs for gifted kids followed. Unz eschewed girls, cars, and sports in favor of math and debate competitions. At 17, he won the prestigious national Westinghouse Science Talent Search for a paper on black holes.

At Harvard (which he attended thanks to scholarships and aid), Unz double-majored in theoretical physics and ancient history while indulging his growing interest in policy over dinner debates with friends. Though as a kid he'd gone door-to-door for George McGovern at his mother's behest, Unz couldn't stand Jimmy Carter and became one of the countless collegians drawn to the GOP by the Reagan magic. After a fellowship year at Cambridge, Unz was off to Stanford to pursue his Ph.D., a prelude to the academic career that his teachers and friends, not to mention Unz himself, assumed was his destiny.

Two things happened at Stanford to change that. First, Unz tried in his spare time to establish a special honors high school in Los Angeles to expand the junior high program he'd attended. His failure persuaded him that "the next time I try something like that, I'm going to at least have enough money that people will take me seriously, or I'll have flexibility so I can spend time on it."

At the same time, some of Unz's Harvard buddies had gone to Wall Street, where the *Bonfire of the Vanities* era was in full swing. At their urging, Unz looked for a summer job and caught First Boston's eye in part by noting his IQ on his

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resume. What Unz thought would be a brief summer hitch in 1987 turned into six years in New York, the abandonment of his Ph.D., and the conviction that he could earn and save enough to pursue his policy passions independently.

As with his subsequent political innovations, Unz's success in the financial markets came from seeing early how new technologies could create valuable approaches that hadn't been possible before. A self-taught programmer, Unz, then 26, wrote software that allowed cash flows from large pools of mortgages to be sliced up and profitably recast into new securities. These were the early days not only of such mortgage "securitization" but of desktop PCs powerful enough to permit such work to be done easily. Unz's bosses at First Boston were thrilled. For Unz, the lightbulb went on: he could probably get rich if he perfected and sold such software on his own.

Unz left Manhattan for cheaper digs in Jackson Heights, Queens, founded Wall Street Analytics, and holed up to write code 16 hours a day. Despite a series of crises—including a clash with and buyout of his original partner and two years when the company tottered near failure after the mortgage market collapsed—Unz made the firm a success. In 1992, with his New York-banking customer base well established, he moved the company back to sunny Palo Alto.

Unz's time in New York solidified his growing, if eclectic, conservatism. The city's crime, chaos, and inept Dinkins administration soured Unz for good on welfare and identity politics. An early fan of Charles Murray's anti-welfare book, *Losing Ground*, Unz now imbibed Thomas Sowell's critiques of affirmative action and Mickey Kaus's attacks on old-style welfare. Upon discovering *Commentary*, Unz was so intellectually smitten he ordered 15 years of back issues.

Life in Jackson Heights, a classic melting pot of Latinos, Asians, and Eastern European immigrants, also had an impact. "It was almost like stepping into a newsreel," Unz recalls, "... [with] the elevated train, all these peddlers on the street." Unz admired their energy and how safe the neighborhood remained despite its relative poverty. He also sensed a looming backlash against immigrants, thanks to what he called "ethnic separatist" policies such as affirmative action and bilingual education.

FLUSH FOR THE first time, Unz dipped into the policy arena. He called writer Peter Salins out of the blue and offered to fund a pro-immigration book that would expand on a piece Salins had written for THE NEW REPUBLIC. "It was funny," Unz recalls, "because, when I contacted him, it took me the longest time to explain to him that I was interested in giving him money for the book because he ... thought I was asking *him* for money to do a book." He gave money to conservative think tanks such as the Manhattan Institute and the Reason Foundation. But this new world was disappointing, and it opened Unz's eyes to his potential comparative advantage. "I started meeting politicians and found they were incredibly mediocre," Unz once told *The San Francisco Chronicle*. "Even the ones I agreed with."

In California, Pete Wilson seemed to Unz to embody that mediocrity as he lit into immigrants in 1993 to boost his sagging ratings. Unz, 32, with no political base or electoral experience, thought about challenging the incumbent governor in the 1994 primary. Unz knew he had little chance to win, but he felt he could stop the GOP from appearing nativist and make his name in the process. He also had an opening, since Wilson had angered conservatives with a huge tax hike to plug the state's budget gap during the recession. Casting himself as the heir to Ronald Reagan, Unz put together a platform that stressed tax cuts, tort reform, and calls to end bilingual education and affirmative action. He bought two suits, spent $2 million of his own cash, and emerged, improbably, with 34 percent of the vote.

Overnight, Unz was a player, a new and visible maverick. He angered party stalwarts by refusing to endorse Wilson after he lost. Then he used his new stature to help lead the opposition to the Wilson-backed Proposition 187, the divisive measure that would strip illegal immigrants of public services. Apart from the sweeping demagoguery that the measure fueled against even legal immigrants, Unz felt its main effect would be to throw hundreds of thousands of innocent kids out of school. To him, it reeked of totalitarian oppression, turning teachers into border cops and kids into snitches on their undocumented parents. Unz helped recruit Jack Kemp and William Bennett to oppose 187; when the measure passed (and headed for the courts), it was clear that Unz had helped divide the GOP.

By now, Unz had the bug—but he also had less cash. As the battle over Proposition 209's ban on affirmative action geared up, Unz, who strongly supported the measure, gave just $25,000. He cut back on his donations to conservative think tanks. While Unz says this was partly because he'd begun to question the efficacy of such giving, the truth is that Unz was not, and is not, as rich as many people think. Unz has been strategically coy in the past about his wealth, knowing there's a mystique to the plutocrat in politics; it makes a big difference, after all, if foes fear he can plunk down $10 million or $20 million in support of his causes. After considerable probing and elliptical responses, Unz finally told me it was safe to put his millions today in the high single-digits. The $2 million he spent running for governor in 1994 thus represented an outsized share—perhaps even the bulk—of his net worth at the time. Politics had become more than the ascetic Unz's lone luxury: it was an obsession.

IN EARLY 1995, however, Unz needed to refill the coffers. He spent much of the next two years upgrading his firm's software from DOS to Windows, a better platform for expansion into new applications. Unz kibitzed in debates over affirmative action, federal immigration law, and trial lawyers' efforts to make high-tech firms easier to sue, but, basically, he stuck to business. Then, in late 1996, with his firm in better shape, Unz read in the *Los Angeles Times* about a group of immigrant Latino parents who were protesting a school in downtown Los Angeles because their children weren't being taught English.

Unz immersed himself in the bilingual education issue. He learned of Sacramento's deadlock over fixing a well-intended system that regularly kept immigrant kids trapped in non-English classes for years. He met with Alice Callaghan, a self-described "left of left" ex-nun and community organizer who

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had spearheaded the L.A. protests. Unz suggested an initiative: English for the Children was born. It would scrap endless bilingual education and replace it with one year of English immersion; parents wanting to keep kids in bilingual classes had to seek a waiver.

Unz figured he'd hire a consultant to run the campaign while he pitched in part-time. He soon became convinced, however, that the pros didn't grasp the nuances well enough to do it right. Unz handed his firm's day-to-day reins to a colleague and went into his usual around-the-clock overdrive. Tapping a vein of popular anger (even among many teachers) at a failed system, and despite being outspent and opposed by every major gubernatorial candidate, the measure passed a year ago with 61 percent of the vote.

What Unz saw during the fight inspired his current reform. "There's a tremendous difference between knowing abuses can happen in theory," he says, "and having them hit you in the face in your own campaign." Unz hadn't expected pro-bilingual forces to have much cash for TV ads, for example, when suddenly, about a month before the election, they started buying up tons of time. Unz couldn't tell where the money was coming from, since disclosure reports were required only every three months.

When the disclosure report was released, it turned out the bulk of the money was coming from A. Jerrold Perenchio, the billionaire chairman and CEO of Spanish-language network Univision—a man who stood to lose millions if kids learned English fast and changed the channel! Adding insult to injury, Univision had sponsored a gubernatorial debate during which each candidate (all of whom, save Checchi, counted Perenchio as a top donor) was asked to give a "simple and clear answer" on how they'd vote on 227. The resulting string of "No!"s were stitched together for a killer ad that, along with editorials Perenchio blasted four times daily on his own air, pushed Latino support for the measure down from 62 percent a month out to 37 percent on Election Day. (At the time, Univision denied that the moderator was seeking sound bites.)

The overnight disclosure requirements in Unz's "California Voters Bill of Rights" make it likelier that the press can expose such shenanigans. Unz's initiative also cracks down on "slate mailers"—a lucrative racket of official-looking but paid-for endorsement pamphlets that Unz refused to deal with (the mailers thereafter opposed him). Here, as with spokesmen who are paid to appear in campaign ads, Unz sensibly requires that the paid nature of any appearance or endorsement be prominently noted. His lawyers say this will pass First Amendment muster. "It just annoyed me a lot," Unz explains, "so I thought something has to be done about it."

"The GOP establishment . . . [is] largely leery of Unz," says John Fund, a *Wall Street Journal* editorial writer. "Fascinated by what he's pulled off but standoffish." Fund, who calls Unz "remarkably persistent and imaginative," says the "not invented here" syndrome, plus the fact that Unz was an anti-Wilson insurgent when he first hit the elite's radar screen, go far to explain party wariness. Unz, for his part, views national GOP leaders as ineffective, saying they blew a historic opportunity after taking Congress in 1994. His dismay lingers. The first three times Unz went to Washington to discuss his redistricting idea, for example, the California delegation wouldn't meet with him or return his calls, not, Unz thinks, out of some plot to shun him but because "they weren't really focused on it." "A little strange," he adds, "considering it's their jobs at stake."

Critics in both parties say that the stars were in rare alignment for Unz on bilingual education and that his triumph won't be repeated; in any event, others argue, Proposition 227's one-size-fits-all solution shows why ballot measures can't solve complex problems. "He's Exhibit A in what's wrong with the initiative process," says Bill Carrick, a prominent Democratic consultant.

But recent headlines across California suggest a different conclusion: "ENGLISH-ONLY TEACHING IS A SURPRISE HIT"; "ONE-LANGUAGE RULE PRODUCES WINNERS"; "CLASSES TAUGHT ONLY IN ENGLISH ARE DOING THE JOB." "Children are absorbing English at such a rapid rate," says a typical report, "that in many places it is the language of choice on the playground, at the lunch table, and in line for the bus." "Even some of us that have been really strong, strong advocates of bilingual education are pleasantly surprised," one teacher told the *Los Angeles Times*. Parents, meanwhile, have rendered their own verdict: fewer than ten percent of those with limited-English students in L.A. schools have sought waivers to return their kids to bilingual classes.

To be sure, many districts are dragging their feet. Yet the Oceanside District near San Diego, whose superintendent was a leading bilingual-education advocate, just became the first district to release standardized test scores since switching to English immersion. Scores have doubled and, in some cases, even tripled. As this issue of TNR went to press, statewide scores were about to be released, and an error in testing methods was under review. Still, English immersion appears likely to show improvements greater than those produced by California's popular (and costly) class-size reduction in early grades.

Over pizza in Los Angeles and Chinese food in Palo Alto, Unz talked about his approach to politics. Though his friends warned me not to be shocked by his appearance—"He's a guy who'll go to a fancy New York restaurant dressed not only in baggy trousers and a ratty old sweater but with a big, furry, geeky hat with earflaps that the Salvation Army would have rejected," one said—Unz is almost natty in a tweed blazer ("I had meetings") one day and "dresses up" in a polo shirt and khaki shorts on another. At 5'8" and 140 pounds, with a grad student's pallor and earnest intensity, Unz could slip quietly into the faculty lounge if he chose. He jabs at a listener with his left index finger to drive his points home and, while seeming to lack a lighter side, breaks into an endearingly vulnerable grin when something tickles him, as if the tightly wound physicist feels self-conscious about enjoying a moment's relief. At times like this, you feel almost sorry for Unz and the lonely vocation he's chosen. "His ideas *are* his family," says one friend. Unz says he intends to marry but hasn't had time. He speaks often, almost boastfully, of how hard he works, more like a man in his twenties. Like many supersmart achievers, there's an air of emotional incompleteness about Unz, as if the outsized growth of one

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set of muscles left no room for others to develop.

But, boy, can he talk. Unz is talking now about what he calls "diagonal" politics, a way of cutting across the usual partisan or interest-group divides. "There are all these entrenched issues where both sides have been fighting for years for millimeters of ground," Unz says.

"It's like trench warfare in the first World War. One advantage of the initiative process is [that] an initiative is a package, an unamendable package.... You take a mixture of the fondest dreams and the worst nightmares of both sides and you put them together in the same thing they have to vote up and down on.... Many of those entrenched people on both sides ... can't decide really what stance they take on it because it's a mixture ... that crosses the ideological ... lines. That gives you a window of opportunity to capture the debate and to frame the issue in the free media without having the traditional players distort the message. And at that point sometimes you can generate enough momentum to push it through.

"The key thing that makes it work," he continues, "is most ordinary people don't think in terms of those rigid boundaries.... They don't understand [the establishment view] that [these] ... things can't possibly go together.... I think it can be applied to a lot of other issues."

Compelling as this is—maybe Unz has found a method to California's ballot madness after all!—there's often something superior in Unz's tone, an "aren't I clever?" smugness he can't quite conceal. "If I hadn't gotten involved in bilingual education," Unz says matter-of-factly at one point, "probably nothing would have happened for the indefinite future."

Outside familiar terrain, Unz is hardly omniscient. Ask him about health care, for example, and his first instinct is that you could offer basic "Chinese style" care to today's 43 million uninsured for $1 billion a year. That's $25 a head. Unz also seems blind to market forces that leave many working families in poverty, and thus he comes off as an unthinking critic of measures such as the Earned Income Tax Credit. Still, Unz's instincts are far more substantive than those of most who climb the greasy pole, and, as all who've worked with him attest, once he turns to an issue, he's a *very* quick study.

If Unz can stay on a roll, his initiatives could build a record of accomplishment useful in another gubernatorial or Senate race. Unz says he's likely to seek elected office again but has no specific timetable in mind. "There are a lot of things I see being broken in our society," he says, "and it's a challenge to try to fix those broken things. You fix one of them, and then you go to another one and try to fix that.... It seems to me a good thing to do."

ONE DAY LAST January, the 30-odd members of a newly appointed blue-ribbon commission on state finance shuffled to their seats in a Sacramento hearing room for their first meeting. The group's mission: find fresh answers for the woes that have plagued California's coffers since the property tax-cutting Proposition 13 mucked things up royally (and popularly) two decades ago. Around the room was a familiar roster drawn from the state's political and financial establishment—plus, to some mandarins' surprise, Ron Unz. Eyebrows were raised and glances exchanged, as if to say, according to one attendee, "Who's this pariah in our midst?"

It's an old debate. Walter Lippman said the problems of modern society were too complex for average citizens to play any role in governance; a cadre of elites was needed to manage affairs on behalf of the ignorant masses. John Dewey said faith in democracy meant exactly the opposite: public education could create Americans truly capable of choosing.

Ron Unz—and the creative way he's harnessing the initiative process—represents a new and necessary synthesis of this argument. He's one emerging answer to a central question facing today's political institutions: What happens when interest-group gridlock makes it next to impossible for elites to solve serious problems, while blocking average citizens from fixing things themselves? In Minnesota, this dilemma helped give us Jesse Ventura. In California, Unz is bringing the initiative movement full circle, from grassroots movements at century's dawn to special-interest takeover of a process meant to curb them to a rich man's way of empowering voters. On bilingual education, and now perhaps on campaign finance, Unz is an unlikely new brand of populist, a lowly born aristocrat of talent teeing up fixes for the masses out of a sense of *nerd oblige*. Lippman would approve of his genius; Dewey would cheer his hyperdemocratic methods. Voters will have a chance to weigh in again soon enough.

IT'S UNCLEAR HOW far Unz's current model can go. True, Unz is showing how much political impact one can have by spending a relative pittance, so long as big-money opposition isn't drawn into the fray. Yet even Unz sees the need for elected officials to realize broader goals. And, except to the extent that they inspire copycat measures, initiatives can't take policy fixes national. Maybe a string of good-government coups at the state level will prompt new interest in national referenda; but at the bottom of that slippery slope lie instantaneous, Perot-style plebiscites on everything, the Frankenstein of democracy run amok. Even at the state level, there's a scary prospect: If someone less serious than Unz gets really good at this, who'll stop him when he one day pairs a sexy tax cut with a Singaporean anticrime plan that canes vandals and sends minor drug felons to the chair?

For now, however, back in the capitol hearing room, Sacramento's heavyweights better brace themselves. It never leaked, but, before Unz decided to go with campaign finance as his next big thing, he hoped to craft a grand cure for the biggest untouchable in California politics. Everyone knows Proposition 13 screwed up the state's finances, and everyone is afraid to touch it. Unz doped out a clever revenue-neutral initiative in which an income tax cut would serve as the political battering ram to enact a hike in business property valuations that experts have long viewed as Proposition 13's most glaring inequity. As Unz told me with pride, the measure would have been fairly (and "diagonally") painted both as "the son of Prop 13" and "the repeal of Prop 13." Thanks to some surprises in the way today's economic boom has affected tax receipts and property values, however, the numbers didn't work to make another perfect Unzian political molecule. Unz says that's bound to happen in a few years. He can wait. ■

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Wilde Enough

In the January 12, 1895 issue of the *Saturday Review* of London, the magazine's theater critic reviewed two new plays. The first was by Henry James, the second by Oscar Wilde. The critic was Bernard Shaw.

Gasping for breath, I go on to note that the Wilde play has now been filmed. Again. It was done in 1947, directed by Alexander Korda; this time **An Ideal Husband** (Miramax) was directed by Oliver Parker. Parker's only previous feature was the Laurence Fishburne *Othello*, a picture doomed before it began, as most Shakespeare films are. The Wilde film had a chance, and by and large Parker has won out.

Parker made his own screen adaptation and—again by and large—kept the twists of the original plot, and of course kept a great many of the epigrams that help to camouflage the arrant plottiness. In Shaw's review, he noted that other London critics complained that "such epigrams can be turned out by the score by anyone lightminded enough to descend to such frivolity. As far as I can see, I am the only person in London who cannot write an Oscar Wilde play at will." Samples of Wilde's sparkle: Lord Goring, the *boutonnière* bachelor who is generally held to be Wilde's dream projection of himself and therefore has most of the wit, is reproved by his crusty father for wasting his time in society. The father says that London society consists of "a lot of damned nobodies talking about nothing." Goring replies: "I love talking about nothing, father. It is the only thing I know anything about." Other characters have unwitting wit. At a later point Goring's father says to him, "Damme, sir, it's your duty to get married. You can't be always living for pleasure."

The *beau monde* is the world of the play, a world through which Wilde gamboled with ease. When he wrote this play, it was still more usual than not for the British theater to deal with the upper crust, except for melodrama and low comedy. For the upper classes, this locus was flattering; for others, it was escape. Today, in this country, where class generally means wealth and not much else, it will be interesting to see what appeal this film has.

Parker and his producers have given the picture almost every kind of aid. His adaptation has slimmed down the plot, which helps it in most ways. (A plot strand about a diamond brooch is completely eliminated.) The base is that favorite device of the period, an action in the past that comes back to haunt the present. The mighty Ibsen used it in *A Doll House*, the workaday Pinero in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. Wilde uses it here in terms of blackmail.

Sir Robert Chiltern, a rapidly rising member of Parliament, once sold a state secret in order to get the capital to begin his now-shining political career. Mrs. Cheveley, an attractive "adventuress," arrives in London, from Vienna where she has been making hay, bearing with her Sir Robert's youthful letter confirming his guilt about that secret. She will give the letter to the press unless he reverses a stand he has taken in the House of Commons on a certain matter: his reversal will benefit her financially. Chiltern's problem is compounded because his wife, who knows nothing of that past matter, adores him as a paragon of virtue.

Parker has helped the story by opening it up into varied locations. For instance, a couple of scenes take place in Rotten Row in Hyde Park, with some characters mounted and others in carriages. Also he inserts a visit by some of the people to the first night of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. (Thus, in a neat three-cushion-billiards carom, Wilde comes out for a curtain speech after that play in a film made from another play of his.) Parker has had to maneuver the closing plot mechanics as busily as Wilde did to make things come out right—and to reconcile the adoring Lady Chiltern with her imperfect husband, whose career will now sail on. From Shaw's review: "The modern note is struck in Sir Robert Chiltern's assertion of the individuality and courage of his wrongdoing as against the mechanical idealism of his stupidly good wife, and in his bitter criticism of a love that is only the reward of merit." (This from the man who had already written *Widowers' Houses*, *The Philanderer*, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, and *Arms and the Man*.)

Parker directs skillfully, deploying both wit and drama. The film opens with Lord Goring's servant, facing us, impassively opening the curtain in his master's bedroom to let in the morning light, as in the background we dimly see a naked woman slip out of his lordship's bed and into the bathroom. The scene in which Mrs. Cheveley first confronts Sir Robert with her threat is robust old-fashioned theater, without the *jambon*.

Costume design is always more noticeable in period pictures and, in some ways, more easy to excel in. But nothing can stop us from admiring the clothes here, especially the women's clothes, especially the hats, designed by Caroline Harris, who did Parker's *Othello* and the recent Victorian *The Governess*. And those clothes look especially resplendent in the camera of David Johnson, who shot that *Othello* and who makes us feel that all the night scenes were shot by lamplight.

Then—a big then—there's the cast. Whatever the plot's arthritis, the actors make us glad that the film was done. Begin with the first face we see, Goring's servant, played by Peter Vaughan, who was Anthony Hopkins's father in *The Remains of the Day* and who sets the class stratification of this world before a word is spoken. Goring is Rupert Everett, who quite evidently enjoys the part immensely but who (unlike the man who played the role on Broadway a few years ago) restrains his pleasure so that we can enjoy it too. Excellent, airily precise acting. Chiltern is Jeremy Northam, recently the polished barrister in *The Winslow Boy*. Here he is asked for deeper feelings and very nearly finds them. His wife is Cate Blanchett, who moved adequately through *Elizabeth* and struggled through *Pushing Tin*. Here she has considerable wistful charm, a turn-of-the-century woman created by her ideals but more victimized than supported by them. Minnie Driver, as Sir Robert's maiden sister, acts well enough but is miscast. She is simply not the fetching ingenue that the part requires. John Wood, stout oak, is Lord Caversham, Goring's harrumphing father, and makes us wish the part were bigger.

Mrs. Cheveley is played by Julianne Moore. It's higher than high time that particular attention be paid to Moore. We hear, justly, that careers of range and depth are difficult in American films, but occasionally some people manage them. Meryl Streep is a fine instance. Moore is in one way even more adventurous: she

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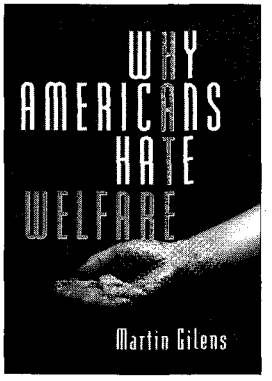

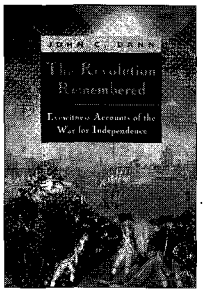

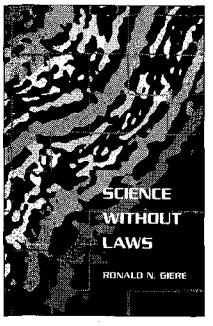

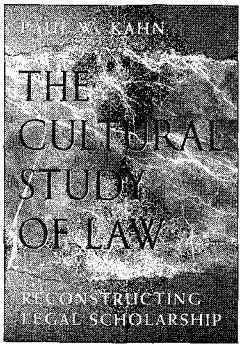

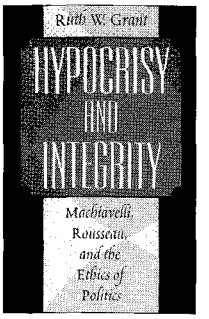

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takes minor roles when she likes them, like Glenn Close's dim sister in *Cookie's Fortune*. In major roles, she played—unforgettably—Yelena in *Vanya on 42nd Street* and, among others, a sophisticated neurotic in *Safe*, a conventional movie heroine in *The Lost World*, and a regal porno star in *Boogie Nights*. In *An Ideal Husband*, the only American in an English cast, she gives her Victorian *femme fatale* all the burnish of her social position at the same time that, with steel under the silk, she lets us see how hard-won that position has been, what she has had to undergo as a woman in order to make her way; and she conveys it all with stature and grace.

Onward, Moore! ■

Jed Perl on Art

Adagio

LATE IN LIFE, Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres completed a handful of paintings of fashionable Parisian women in which he defined a new, adagio style in portraiture. There had been nothing like this slowed-down lyric power in portrait painting before Ingres, and although his influence ripples down to our own day, his way of lingering over a finger, an arm, a fold in a dress until the beautiful surface of the world is stretched almost to the breaking point (but never, never beyond) has not been equaled. Working only for clients who could meet his nonnegotiable demands for flawless looks, ineffable charm, blue-chip social connections, and an enormous paycheck, Ingres reached (I would say three times in his last twenty-five years) an opalescent, light-drenched, gray-blue dream world.

The most balanced and perfect of these portraits is of the Comtesse d'Haussonville, from the Frick Collection, whose huge, soft, childlike eyes somehow only add to her aura of absolute self-possession. The most fiercely stylized is of her sister-in-law, the imperious, swan-necked Princesse de Broglie, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The most inexorably eccentric is the plump, sensuously withdrawn Madame Moitessier, in the National Gallery in London. At the National Gallery in Washington, where they are together at last—along with a second, black-and-plum-colored portrait of Madame Moitessier that Washington owns—you see how Ingres gives a definitive realization to each detail in these portraits of immaculately turned-out women. Ingres will hold us spellbound with the curve of a lip, the turn of a wrist, the links of a bracelet. And then, with a feeling for overarching rhythms that recalls the slow yet undying forward impulse of the greatest romantic piano concertos, he carries us to the next revelatory glimpse of skin, silk, or gold.

"Portraits by Ingres: Image of an Epoch," which is at the National Gallery until the end of August, contains immortal impressions of men as well as women. The show, which opened in London last winter, will be at the Metropolitan Museum in New York in the fall. (The team of curators includes Philip Conisbee in Washington, Christopher Riopelle in London, and Gary Tinterow and Rebecca A. Rabinow in New York.) Ingres's first great portraits date from around 1810, when he was thirty and living in Rome. He was still going strong in 1865, two years before his death, when he completed a forceful and subtle self-portrait. Like his teacher David, who dominated the late-eighteenth-century revival of classicism that found in Ingres its last great arbiter, the younger painter deemed historical subjects an artist's highest calling, but he was far too responsive to the life around him not to take the measure of his contemporaries.

In early portraits such as those of the almost adolescent-looking Madame Aymon, in which deep brown curls fall over a pale luminous forehead, and the twenty-seven-year-old sculptor Paul Lemoyne, with his bottomless-dark dreamer's eyes, Ingres catches all the hopes of those who are young when a century is beginning. Nearly a quarter-century later, in 1832, his portrait of the legendary newspaperman Louis-François Bertin is animated by the fierce, complex pressures that drive a man, despite tremendous reversals along the way, to the top of the treacherous Parisian world of politics and ideas. Some of Ingres's most rivetingly personal impressions are to be found in his drawings, especially those of friends. A study of Charles Gounod seated at the piano, done in 1841, is so trenchant, so precise, so alive that we find ourselves believing that the composer is at this very moment turning his head away from the score of *Don Giovanni* to speak to us.

Ingres's portraits touch on several generations and several strata of French society, so that an hour spent in this show can leave you with a sensation of layered richness not unlike what you feel as you make your way through a nineteenth-century novel. More than one visitor to the Frick and the Metropolitan has seen in the supremely aristocratic masks of the Comtesse d'Haussonville and the Princesse de Broglie the very images of the great ladies of the Guermantes family described by Proust, and this despite the fact that Ingres was actually working a generation or more before Proust was a guest at the home of Louise d'Haussonville's son. Certainly one can argue that Ingres's supreme craftsmanship—his lacquer-smooth surfaces and his impeccable command of naturalistic detail—are a kind of visual analogue to verbal precision. Yet the literary angle can be overdone. Ingres weaves an almost novelistic spell, but he does it through visual processes, through exaggerations, magnifications, reflections, echoes, and distortions that are grounded in as intense a feeling for the emotional impact of formal values as any artist has ever had.

INGRES MAY BE able to render the sheen of silk, the hard reflective surfaces of porcelain, and the softness of flesh with unparalleled empirical elegance, but the more you look at the paintings, the more you realize that nothing is what it first appears to be. Ingres's seamless verisimilitude is a now-you-see-it-now-you-don't proposition, a reality stretched over a dream world that is inhabited by some of the most idiosyncratic, even anti-naturalistic figures in nineteenth-century art. If Ingres finds a woman's neck beautiful, he wants it to keep on going, so he paints that neck as if it were twice as long as it really is. If he wants to see more of an arm, he will twist it as if the bones were made of silly putty. And a beautiful hand? He magnifies it. These exaggerations are disquieting and also thrilling. With Ingres, distortion is a way of celebrating sensation, of telling us that he is in thrall to these women.

Although Ingres is an artist who never wants to be in less than absolute control, his late portraits suggest a collaborative relationship with the model that is like nothing in art before or after. The paintings are speculative and far-fetched—meditations on the spell that beauty casts when presented in its most pampered form; but they are also in some ways shockingly specific. We are made aware that the sitter is the muse, but she is also the client who can pay a price commensurate with the artist's stature. And as Ingres

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and his women follow that careening path between materialistic particularities and sensuous imaginings, they take us to the very center of their world.

INGRES WORRIED ABOUT precisely who these women were, about how they lived and what they thought. The glove or the shawl that he loved to paint on a chair suggests the world outside the drawing room, the woman coming in after the opera. "We do need," Ingres wrote to Madame Moitessier while he was working on her portrait, "an evening wrap, the kind you wear when returning from a ball, to throw over the edge of the chair." Ingres describes a busy social life, but he also gets at the content of that social life, the fantasies provoked by a night at the opera, the very sounds and melodies that swirl around in a countess's or princess's head.

These women lived in a social empyrean that was saturated by theater and music. Who can doubt that Ingres saw his portraits as the climactic, sublime arias in the operas that were the lives of the Comtesse d'Haussonville, the Princesse de Broglie, and Madame Moitessier? For Ingres and his clients, the musical analogy was not a vague thing. Like Ingres, who was a serious amateur violinist and knew Liszt, Gounod, and Paganini, his sitters were steeped in a musical world, often following the most sophisticated developments. The Comtesse d'Haussonville studied piano with Chopin. In his remarkable monograph on *Ingres and the Comtesse d'Haussonville*—the Frick published it in 1985 and has reprinted it in time for the current show—Edgar Munhall relates that Louise d'Haussonville played Bach and Handel and was, a decade after her portrait was painted, a great admirer of *La Traviata*. The Baronne Betty de Rothschild, the subject of another great late portrait (which was shown in London but is not traveling to the States), also studied with Chopin, and numbered Liszt among the guests at her famous dinners.

These women were following contemporary music at a time when the classical forms were being extended and transformed by Chopin and others, through processes that involved both simplification and complication. I think that there is reason to believe that they saw in Ingres's exaggerations and abstractions a parallel transformation of the classical forms that they knew from portraits by Raphael and Bronzino. Charles Rosen has observed that "there is a paradox at the heart of Chopin's style, in its unlikely combination of a rich chromatic web of polyphony, based on a profound experience of J.S. Bach, with a sense of melody and a way of sustaining the melodic line derived directly from Italian opera." Who was better prepared to understand all of that than Louise d'Haussonville, who studied with Chopin, played Bach, and admired Verdi?

And could Louise d'Haussonville not see a related, visual music in her portrait? Ingres's elaborations to the left and the right of her figure, of Porcelaine de Paris and Sèvres objects and flowers on the mantelpiece, and of paired but distinct chairs to the left and the right of it, create a kind of visual polyphony. So does the countess's head, reflected in the mirror. And against this complicated counterpoint, Ingres plays the single, insistent melodic line of the countess herself, dressed in the blue-gray silk evening gown, a column rising through the painting.

These sublime portraits are as much about the romance of painting a portrait as the great nineteenth-century piano concertos are about the romance of playing the piano. Ingres's amplifications and adumbrations are so elaborated and then over-elaborated that the paintings come to be as much about regarding beauty as they are about beauty itself. The mirrors, in the portraits of the Comtesse d'Haussonville and Madame Moitessier, tell us that Ingres is obsessed with seeing these women from every angle. There is a related conceit in the portrait of the Princesse de Broglie, for here the entire gray background has a mirror-like mystery, so that the coat of arms hovering on that wall begins to seem as if it were the princess's reflection. That Ingres might imagine a woman becoming a coat of arms suggests the extent to which, for him, portraiture is a kind of abstraction.

THE OBSERVATION that one almost invariably hears about Ingres's portraits is that although they are among the very greatest things he did, he frequently resented these commissions, believing that he was first and foremost a history painter. Ingres is surely a curious case, and the closer you look at his whole situation the more curious it becomes. To say that this brilliant painter of historical subjects in the tradition of Raphael and Poussin was often at his best when he tapped into his gift for portraiture doesn't begin to describe his situation, at least not until you have resolved the more fundamental question of whether he was a history painter at all.

By the last decades of his life, when he painted Madame Moitessier and the Princesse de Broglie, Ingres was a pillar of the French establishment—a former director of the French Academy in Rome, an Academician living at government expense in an apartment in the Institut de

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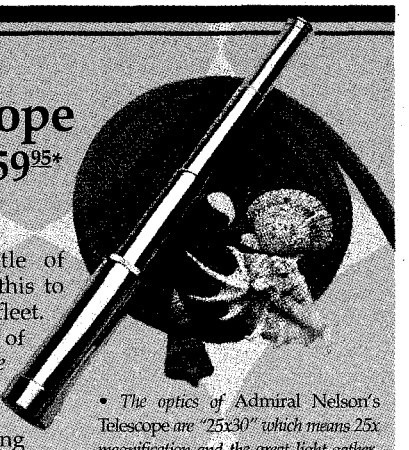

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France, and the generally acknowledged heir to the thrones of Raphael and Poussin. Yet Ingres's climb had been difficult. He had been tremendously disappointed by the reception that his work had received in his early years, when it was attacked as self-consciously primitive, as overly reminiscent of the bejewelled naturalistic stylizations of van Eyck. The irony is that such a line of thinking probably brings us closer to the peculiar essence of his achievement than do his self-proclaimed ambitions to rival Raphael with a normative vision of the figure as an actor freely moving through a world full of light and air.

If Ingres's best-laid plans were often at odds with his deepest inclinations, the abidingly idiosyncratic spirit of his greatest works, from the *Odalisque with Slave* in Cambridge to the portrait of the Princesse de Broglie, reveal a man who was artist enough to follow an imperative that he felt but did not entirely understand. High Renaissance painting had been based on an idea that life in all its richness and complexity could be rationalized without being reduced; but in Ingres's day such classical optimism was unworkable, at least as a stand for an artist to take in the face of the gathering rationalization of so many areas of life. Ingres's deepest inclinations pushed him, almost in spite of himself, toward the singularity of an icon or an emblem, toward the image that, in its very strangeness and uniqueness, might suggest a new, anti-rational optimism. The classic, in short, had gone romantic.

With Ingres, classicism is a romance, a dream. But this dream is realized, as much as it had been in the work of Raphael and Poussin, at the fundamental level of form. In the writings of Leonardo, Dürer, and Poussin, which were a touchstone for any artist who, like Ingres, wanted access to the secrets of classical European figure composition, the art of painting was grounded in an understanding of the figure as a dynamic participant in a complicated drama, in the idea that there exists a disinterested figurative visual language—based on a study of anatomy, physiognomy, and perspective—that can be used to develop a wide variety of subjects. We can see that Ingres bet his reputation on the ability to revive that kind of drama, yet in his greatest works—portraits such as that of the Comtesse d'Haussonville, or views of heroes such as the protagonist of *The Martyrdom of Saint Symphorian* in the Cathedral of Autun, or erotic daydreams such as *The Turkish Bath*—Ingres rejects the idea of the figure as an individual who is absolutely free to move and act in space.

In place of that Renaissance idea of liberty, Ingres presents a new kind of person, who has only one obsessive way of being. Out of this singular, iconic individual he generates curves, angles, symmetries, asymmetries, and arabesques which become the very anatomy of the canvas, a kind of ad hoc perspective that controls the logic of the space. The figure is still generating the structure, but not so much by moving as by staying put. Ingres's men and women seem to develop their own singular affective properties, which can violate the fundamentals of anatomy as well as the laws of physics. These actors control a knit-together universe that looks back to the Trecento and forward to abstract art.

LIKE A SUCCESSION of artists beginning in the Renaissance, Ingres styled himself the guardian of a classical tradition. That tradition was never as clear or consistent as some of its avatars would have had us imagine; but only Ingres had the peculiar honor of having classicism entirely dissolve and then radically reconfigure itself in the very years of his watch—and in the very greatest of his own paintings. If Ingres's portraits take us to the center of his art, it is because nowhere else did his personal brand of classicism yield such fascinating results.

We must not forget that the Renaissance masters whom Ingres revered took portrait painting very seriously, believing that the head was a key element in the grand enterprise of history painting. In Leonardo's writings, portraiture is almost a science of physiognomy, a way of marshalling visual elements to indicate degrees of youth and age, beauty and ugliness, kindness and wickedness. Leonardo's and Raphael's portraits were based less on the artist's immediate and direct response to the sitter than on the artist's ability to reconstruct the person through physiognomical analysis. The imperturbable crystalline surfaces of Ingres's portraits allude to this analytical spirit. With Ingres, however, the science of physiognomy is less a methodology by which the figure is reconstructed than a kind of obsessive attentiveness that Ingres lavishes on his subjects. Far from marking off the distance between artist and subject, Ingres's lucidity is a net used to draw the sitter closer and closer. His portraits are not so much about things seen as they are about how he sees them.

Ingres's most remarkable portraits of men are acts of empathy and even identification. They include the portrait of his friend the painter François-Marius Granet (1809). This young, immensely appealing man, with his infinitely gentle eyes, had also been a student of David's, and they shared the years of struggle in the Eternal City. Granet, standing out-of-doors, the sights of Rome at his back and a portfolio in his hand, makes an indelible impression as the early-nineteenth-century artist-dreamer.

Several decades later, when many of Ingres's dreams had come true, he painted the newspaperman Bertin, and there is again, I think, a sense of identification. Like the artist, Bertin had lived through years of adversity and finally mastered Paris. Bertin's electrifying pose, with the hands that have often been compared to claws resting on his knees, is unlike anything else in art. There is no artist who can even approach Ingres's eye for the kinetic manifestations of driving intellectual ambition. Picasso, who drew on the Bertin pose for his portrait of Gertrude Stein, surely sensed the empathetic relationship between Ingres and Bertin, which he gave an additional gender-bending dimension when he used it to frame the American writer with whom he was close at the time.

Ingres was a resourceful artist who could make interesting images even of people who did not mean much to him. During some of his years in Rome, the city was under French control, and Ingres did a series of portraits of officials such as Edme-François-Joseph Bochet and Jacques Marquet that convey great warmth. Yet there is a special heat when his impressions are of friends, or of women to whom he obviously feels attracted. He drew whole families, painter friends and their wives and daughters, and you feel in his very line the conviviality of days and nights filled with good conversation and good food. His touch only betrays him in the inert poses and gestures that dominate his drawings of the English tourists who evidently meant nothing to him, except that, living in straitened circumstances in Rome, he could not afford to turn them down.

COUNTING PAINTINGS AND drawings, there are probably three dozen masterpieces in "Portraits by Ingres," and there is hardly anything that is not worth looking at. At least in Washington, however, the presentation fails to achieve the end-to-end focus and flow that those who love Ingres will have hoped for. A few days after I had seen the show, I was talking with a friend on a street in New York, and when the Ingres show came up she said, referring to the Frick and Metropolitan portraits, "So the sisters-in-law are finally together?" Well, yes, they are; except that they are separated by the door through which you exit the show. This is a jarringly awkward installation that disrupts what should have been a sublime moment.

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The entire installation never clicks. This is not all the fault of the organizers. Key paintings, such as the portraits of Madame Ingres from Winterthur and Madame Frédéric Reiset from Cambridge, were unavailable. The portrait of Betty de Rothschild, one of the supreme late achievements and a work that has not been seen in public in thirty years, was loaned to London but has not traveled to Washington and New York. Especially since the show is very much less than complete, there was all the more need for some shaping to be done, and this is where the curators have failed.

Near the beginning, an entire room is wasted on two oversized portraits of Napoleon. These would be welcome in a full retrospective, but in the context of a show where medium- and intimate-scaled images should shine, the Napoleon feels like a hostile takeover by some nineteenth-century war museum. *Bonaparte as First Consul*, done in 1804, is merely stiff. *Napoleon I on His Imperial Throne*, painted two years later, has a certain high-camp machismo fascination. Ingres was thinking of van Eyck's *God the Father*, from the Ghent altarpiece, which was in Paris at the time, and there is certainly something mesmerizing about the swank political icon that he has dreamed up. But Ingres's imperial Napoleon draws us away from the art of portraiture to a whole other side of the painter, which museumgoers will not understand unless they are also seeing *Jupiter and Thetis*, which is transcendent camp but not within the range of this show.

The installation is so keyed to the show's subtitle, "Image of an Epoch," that you may feel that the curators do not see these paintings as having a life of their own. The cool, deep wall colors, which are good for the drawings, do not help with the paintings, which are made to feel a little grim. The show has a plodding, brown-toned aura that curators like to pass off as reverence for the past. I admire Ingres's peerlessly elegant portrait of the Duc d'Orléans, but only historical pedantry could justify including the copy of the portrait that Ingres did when the young man died shortly after the first portrait was completed. One Duc d'Orléans is fine; two unbalances a show that is missing so many central works, and nudges us into the realm of doctoral dissertations on copies, cloning, and other postmodern topics. Yes, Ingres's portraits offer fascinating reflections of a time and a place. Yes, the more you read about his subjects, the more some of these works mean. But the questions that will occur to a sensitive viewer, questions about how feeling becomes form and style becomes metaphor, are suppressed in this drab presentation.

In recent years, exhibitions of nineteenth-century masters have often been presented by curators who do not seem to know why we are looking at this material, aside from its historical significance. And when curators do get into questions of relevance, their reasoning is often so weirdly wrongheaded that you wish that they would just go back to sifting through the archives. The noted art historian Robert Rosenblum—although not one of the curators of the show, he has been given the job of writing the introductory essay—answers the question "Why Ingres's portraits now?" in terms that stand my hair on end. Rosenblum has written well on Ingres and neoclassicism, but when he observes that "the conquests of modernism temporarily buried artists' recurrent fascination with the unique data that add up to a particular person," my alarm bells start going off. What is he going to do with Giacometti, whose portraits sometimes rival the psychological acuity of Rembrandt? But Rosenblum can't be bothered worrying about Giacometti, since he is rushing into the happy ending of the postmodern present, which "has witnessed infinite legions of singular people—formerly threatened by Machine Age uniformity and the iconoclasm of abstract art—begging to be scrutinized once more."

COURTESY OF THE FRICK COLLECTION

Ingres, "Comtesse d'Haussonville," 1845

Rosenblum may mean well when he argues that Ingres's concerns have been reaffirmed by artists such as (I kid you not) Andy Warhol, Gilbert and George, Chuck Close, and especially Cindy Sherman. But even in his haste to join Ingres with Sherman in anti-modern wedlock, Rosenblum cannot help but take note of certain anomalies in the modern situation. He discusses Picasso's infatuation with Ingres, and he lets on that Gorky and de Kooning were affected by Ingres in the 1930s and '40s. Still, he cannot afford to say how deeply affected they were by Ingres, since if the boomerang shapes that de Kooning saw in Ingres's portraits are actually an element in the black-and-white abstractions of the late '40s, then Rosenblum's whole argument that these portraits don't jibe with modern art begins to fall apart.

Rosenblum claims that "the iconoclasm of abstract art" eliminated at least temporarily the artist's "recurrent fascination with the unique data that add up to a particular person." What, I wonder, will he make of the fact that so many of the landmarks of Cubism were portraits, and insistently specific ones, such as Picasso's impressions of Vollard and Kahnweiler? And how can Rosenblum pit "Machine Age uniformity" against Ingres when Léger, the artist whose work is almost always associated with that idea of "uniformity," derived some of his greatest Machine Age figures from a close, loving study of Ingres's portraits?

The truth is that we did not need the postmoderns to revive Ingres's portraits. (Though it does occur to me that the curator who had the idea of hanging right next to one another two very similar portraits of the Duc d'Orléans probably did need Warhol's repeated impressions of Troy Donahue and Marlon Brando to inspire

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this more-is-a-bore look.) At the very end of Rosenblum's essay, we land on Cindy Sherman, whose photographic self-portrait as a kind of down-at-the-heels Madame Moitessier he calls "the fullest homage to Ingres's portraiture" that has been done in our time. Doesn't Rosenblum realize that in describing the Sherman in this way he is suggesting that Ingres is about dress-up and not much else? He must know that dressing, for Ingres, is just the beginning. For Ingres, it's what you do with the costume that counts.

IF I WANTED TO have an artist's help as I thought about what Ingres means for our time, I think the place to begin would not be with Sherman but with a portrait of the Baronne Alain de Rothschild that Balthus painted in 1958 in the rather rough, loose style that characterized his work then. That Balthus spins this meditation on Ingresque themes around a woman who shares a name with one of Ingres's great female subjects suggests how seriously he regards the role of subject matter. The baronne is seated in an armchair, with her left hand supporting her tilted head in a pensive pose. Surrounding her are the elegant mirror, furnishings, and knick-knacks that suggest the afterglow of Ingres's aristocratic dream world.

Balthus's painting is neither an imitation nor a parody. This is an essay—almost a treatise—on what Ingres's innovative classical architecture means to us. Balthus was playing a little bit with Cubist ideas in the 1950s, and what he has done here is to bring Ingres's submerged drama of curves, angles, and arabesques out into the open. By allowing the contours to harden and sharpen until forms begin to jostle and even float, Balthus suggests that by now Ingres's gestures, attitudes, and conceits are woven into the very abstract fabric that art has become.

Balthus's portrait of the Baronne Alain de Rothschild is not one of his greatest works, but it is a brilliant commentary on the proposition that, for Ingres, the shape of the sitter becomes the shape of the canvas. This is a thought that neither Ingres nor the women who begged him to paint their portraits would have put in quite such formal terms. Yet when the Comtesse d'Haussonville or the Princesse de Broglie went to Ingres with the expectation that he might give her the immortality of a new Mona Lisa, which he did, she knew that he was going to do much more than record the image of an epoch. These women who had experienced the excitement of Chopin and Verdi understood that when new art is made to last, it contains the pattern of the future. ■

The Morbid Truth

By TONY JUDT

The Holocaust in American Life by Peter Novick

(Houghton Mifflin, 373 pp., $27)

THE HOLOCAUST TODAY is as much an argument as a memory. When the German philosopher Jürgen Habermas, and Marek Edelman, a survivor of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, expressed their support for NATO attacks on Serbia recently, they did so with an explicit analogy with Hitler's attempted extermination of the Jews. The latter has become a metaphor, a moral lesson, a practical warning, an admonition. The argument-from-the-Holocaust has acquired an almost a priori character: it does not need to lay out its premises because these are familiar and understood. We know and understand what happened, and who did what to whom and how, and who stood by and let it happen and at what cost. To explain the point of an allusion to the Holocaust is usually redundant; in the United States especially, it is sufficient to name the reference to have made the case.

Things were not always thus. The Holocaust is now ubiquitous in American pedagogy and conversation, but in the immediate post-war years most Americans (including most American Jews) had only the sketchiest notion of Hitler's war against the Jews. It was not until well into the 1960s that this began to change. It was then, and with gathering speed, that the Holocaust (not generally known as such until the mid-'60s at the earliest) entered American public life and went on to become a staple of entertainment, moral education, electoral politics, media attention, comparative victimology, and foreign policy debate. There was a time when we were haunted by the fear that Auschwitz would be forgotten; but there are now those, such as Peter Novick, who worry that we remember it too much.

Novick has written a dense, carefully researched, and rather irritating account of how the Holocaust came to occupy so central a place in American (and American Jewish) life. His chronology seems to me unimpeachable. In the years after 1945, the "displaced persons" of World War II (the term "survivors" was not yet in fashion) were not at the center of most people's attention, and the sufferings of the Jews among them did not attract special concern. Western awareness of Nazi atrocities drew on images of the camps that were liberated by the Americans and the British—Dachau, Buchenwald, Belsen; concentration camps but not, originally, death camps. Although Jews were in fact present there in large numbers, they were not singled out for particular sympathy by reporters or Allied administrators. Films about Nazism made in the late 1940s and in the 1950s treated Jews as just one group of Hitler's victims—the greatest victims, perhaps, but symptoms of the broader criminal character of the Nazi regime. The presentation and the reception of *The Diary of Anne Frank* (the book, the play, and the film) were indicative: if there were lessons, they were redemptive and universal. The fact that Anne was a Jew was almost incidental.

Those Jews who came to the United States in the post-war years (about 100,000 arrived by 1951) certainly had a different tale to tell, but most people were not listening. The initial post-war disbelief was rapidly overtaken by the onset of the Cold War. The West Germans were now our allies, the Russians our enemies. The Jewish community, like other "foreign" minorities with historically left-leaning associations, kept a low profile in the McCarthy years. In any event, the chief victims of what was now referred to as "totalitarianism" were those who had suffered, and continued to suffer, under Stalin and his heirs. Hitler was by no means forgotten, but his victims were not on the agenda of American politics and American culture. The Holocaust was a strictly Jewish memory, and mostly a private one.

The change began in the early 1960s. The Eichmann trial in Israel, which was aired nightly on American television, aroused interest and memory; David Ben-Gurion's success in adapting it to Israeli national and pedagogical objectives encouraged American Jewish organizations to pay the Holocaust more attention in their own publications and pronouncements. By the time of the Six Day War in 1967, Jews in the United

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States were ready to make the association between the Jewish state (and the dangers facing it) and the experience of genocide just a quarter of a century earlier. In the aftermath of the short-lived euphoria of Israeli success in 1967, and the more enduring anxiety that followed a harder-won and bloodier victory six years later, the transition was completed. Private and public attitudes to the Holocaust and its invocation were transformed. In the eyes of an influential subsection of American Jewish opinion, Israel was a living reminder of Jewish survival in the face of near-extermination. The world owed Israel its support; and the best way to make the case was to invoke at every opportunity the world's earlier failure to assist the Jews, at fatal cost.

AT THIS POINT, for Novick, the story splits. Official American Jewish spokesmen successfully transformed the Holocaust into a civic theme, as important for non-Jews as for Jews themselves. In the course of the next two decades, funds were raised, films were made, museums were built, school programs were introduced; the Holocaust filtered into American consciousness at every turn. At the same time, however, the Holocaust took on a particular significance for Jews themselves. No longer bound together by community, language, faith, or shared experience, American Jews were "marrying out" and assimilating rapidly. At this rate, many feared, Jews—and Judaism—might disappear altogether. In the words of the president of Yeshiva University in 1987: "Who says that the Holocaust is over?... The monster has assumed a different and more benign form ... but its evil goal remains unchanged: a *Judenrein* world."

And so, Novick claims, the Holocaust was invoked and instrumentalized as an identifier. If nothing else bound Jews together, they would at least be conscious of one common denominator: the incomparable sufferings of their brethren in the recent past. Transformed into a kind of pride, this consciousness might yet serve to draw the flock together again: if the Holocaust was unique, then so must the Jews be unique. If this worked, Novick suggests, it was because it coincided with the growing American obsession with "identity politics" and competitive victimhood. In the race for sympathy, for a distinguishing tag, and for public and private funds, American Jews might seem to be at a disadvantage: they are an established presence in America, they suffer no discriminatory mistreatment, they are well-represented in profitable and respected occupations. But they do have the Holocaust.

Novick tells this tale copiously, even relentlessly. As a self-confessed universalist of the older school, he confesses a distaste for today's sectarian instrumentalization of suffering; and he is openly nostalgic for the days when Americans (including and especially American Jews) were proud to be Americans and did not feel the need to assert their own hyphenated identity at the expense of some less-deserving group. He has a rather keen ear for specious or exaggerated victimhood, too: that the few thousand homosexuals killed in Hitler's camps should have comparable standing to the millions of dead Jews (and Poles) rightly strikes him as absurd, as an anachronistic concession to political vogue.

Novick is no more forgiving of the present-day cult of memorialization, whereby every American town of any standing wants its own memorial to the dead Jews of Europe, and money flows to such projects while worthier Jewish causes starve for funds. He has a nice eye for Holocaust kitsch: Ralph Reed prettifying his politics by taking out lifetime memberships in the Holocaust Memorial Museum and in Yad Vashem; Hillary Clinton ostentatiously ornamenting herself with Elie Wiesel at a State of the Union speech; Woody Allen explaining how he coped with his domestic scandals by reading tales of Holocaust survivors who got through by focusing on the daily horror of their experiences; Cherie Brown proposing in *Tikkun* that there should be support groups for Jews who have listened to Holocaust stories to help them "release the grief." In all these ways the Holocaust is cheapened and its very distinctiveness undermined. It no longer teaches lessons of its own; it has become instead a vehicle for whatever obsessions and messages people bring to it. It has become banal, sanitized, and uncontroversial, an uncontested morality tale—and so, in Novick's view, it has lost touch with itself. At no cost and with little effort, Americans at large have adopted this memory of other people's sufferings. American Jews have sworn fealty to a death cult. Is this good for America? Is this good for the Jews?

NOVICK'S BOOK CERTAINLY has an important subject, and its criticisms would seem to be necessary and trenchant. This, no doubt, is why it has been welcomed in anticipation by so many people, some of whom have allowed themselves to be quoted on its cover with imprudently lavish praise. The book is certainly well-researched: Novick has apparently trawled every archive and every publication of every

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American Jewish organization for the past half-century, and he has read what must be tens of thousands of pages of periodicals, pamphlets, and speeches by every American Jewish intellectual and spokesperson you can name, and many you could not name. If the result is frustrating and ultimately inadequate to its theme, no one can fault the author for effort. The problems lie elsewhere.

For a start, Novick doesn't write very well. He has a clunky, folksy style: we learn that William Shirer's *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* "resonated throughout American society ... the book put Nazism and World War II on the American cultural map in a big way." (There is a lot of resonating in this book.) Of the decision by Jewish organizations to "market" the Holocaust, he concludes that "the Holocaust looked like the one item in stock with consumer appeal." Of the "screwballs" who are attracted to Holocaust-denial, he concedes that "the activities of these fruitcakes were irritating, indeed infuriating." "Resonates," "consumer appeal," "screwballs," "fruitcakes": leaking through here is the voice of the anxious professor striving to capture the interest of apathetic students.

There are also touches of easy cynicism. Novick concludes a discussion of the vexed issue of the precise number of victims—six million or eleven million, that is, whether or not to treat non-Jewish victims of Nazism as part of the Holocaust—in the following manner: "When looking at discussions of the Holocaust in the media, the use of six or eleven often seems haphazard. Is the line of type too long to fit? Change eleven to six. Is it too short? Change six to eleven." I detected, too, a tone of condescension—themes and arguments are summarized, recapitulated, and signposted much as a lecturer might remind his inattentive listeners of what they have just been told; and definitions are presented at a level suited to junior high school: "Most of the time, when we say that an event carries lessons that can be applied in another situation, we're doing what's called making an analogy."

BUT THESE ARE NOT the book's more serious weaknesses. For much of the time, Novick appears to be engaged in open warfare with American Jewish officialdom for their betrayal of what he calls "the larger social consciousness that was the hallmark of the American Jewry of my youth—post-Holocaust, but pre-Holocaust-fixation." There is an undertone of pique, even of anger, at the mainstream American Jewish organizations for their obsession with Israel and the Holocaust, their instrumentalization of both for fundraising and influence-peddling, and their transformation of Jewishness into a "culture of victimization." After 1967, in Novick's view, "the hallmark of the good Jew became the depth of his or her commitment to Israel." There are hints that Novick feels understandably resentful that his own distance from such an approach makes him less of a "good Jew"; and this book is a catalogue raisonné of that resentment.

The confusion that results is illustrated by the uncertainty with which Novick hovers around the question of whether or not to blame American Jewish institutions for the current place of the Holocaust in American life. He concedes on a number of occasions that there was no conscious or central "plan" to instrumentalize the Holocaust as a device for Jewish mobilization and as a new form of Jewish identity: "No central decision-making body of American Jewry concluded that it was the absence of Holocaust-consciousness that explained the declining Jewish commitment of the young, that the way to keep straying sheep in the fold was through Holocaust programming." But the whole book is written around the deliberations, the minutes, the decisions, and the actions of various Jewish organizations in such a way as to convey the sense that the whole thing was indeed their doing.

When Novick recognizes that he has gone a bit too far, he beats a tactical retreat. So what if the whole Holocaust "thing" was masterminded by Jewish political pressure groups? "There is certainly nothing improper in any of this; every group does it; American pluralism in action." On the one hand, on the other hand. The explanation for our present Holocaust obsession presumably lies somewhere between a carefully hatched plan and the Invisible Hand of history; but Novick cannot decide where. Instead we have a steady flow of compensatory overstatements ("From the outset, 'genocide' was a rhetorical rather than a juridical device, employed for purely propagandistic purposes") and easy shots: poor Norman Podhoretz is wheeled out time and again to illustrate the unwisdom of invoking the Holocaust whenever you want to cast aspersions on your critics, and we are reminded that both Yigal Amir and Baruch Goldstein were "Holocaust-obsessed," as though there were a slippery slope leading from Holocaust awareness to political assassination and mass murder.

Even survivors themselves come in for censure. Since "Holocaust-obsession," in Novick's view, has led some to condemn the United States unfairly for its failure to bomb the death camps, he feels the need to discredit any and all such criticism. Of the argument that some of the inmates themselves longed for the Allies to bomb them, even at risk to their own lives, he writes: "No doubt some Jewish prisoners did hope for bombing, though probably fewer than the number who reported this feeling after the Allied failure to bomb Auschwitz had become a standard trope of Holocaust discourse." At this point, questionable history veers off into poor taste.

IF NOVICK SPENDS so much time settling scores with the more egregious words and deeds of gung-ho American Jewish spokesmen and AIPAC operatives, it is because his real subject, I think, has fundamentally eluded him. He has spent a lot of time thinking about the uses and the abuses to which the Holocaust has been put in modern America; but he has devoted curiously little effort to thinking about the Holocaust itself. He might retort that the Holocaust itself is not his subject. Yet the result of his approach is a disturbingly superficial treatment, in which the Holocaust itself is largely incidental to the narrative.

One could similarly write a history of "The Automobile in American Life" and adduce some of the same themes: conspiracy; influence-peddling; sectoral interest and advantage; a steady increase to the point of omnipresence of the entity under discussion, and its abuse; an accounting of the damage done to the fabric of the community; and so on. I exaggerate, of course. Except for the most extreme environmentalists, a discussion of the place of the automobile in modern America does not raise philosophical first principles or primary moral dilemmas. A discussion of the Holocaust broaches precisely such matters; but Novick never genuinely engages them. In his account, Holocaust awareness is always and primarily about something else: a political agenda, a cultural shift.

Novick notes the paradox that too much Holocaust awareness can make us insensitive to "lesser" crimes, but he fails to follow through on the next question: just how much Holocaust awareness, then, is appropriate, and in what form? The reason for this omission seems to be that he is troubled less by the risk that we (Jews, Americans, anyone) might forget what Hitler did to the Jews than by the assertion that the resulting Holocaust was "unique" and has a special claim upon our attention. Novick dismisses the debate over "uniqueness" with what amounts to a sophistic sleight-of-hand. Since nothing is ever totally "unique"—all events have some features that are distinctive to them and others that they share with comparable events in other places and times—we may conclude, or so he argues, that the Holocaust is "distinctive"

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but not "unique." It has something in common with previous massacres of Jews and others, and it has some distinguishing and novel features.

This gets us around analytical categories such as "genocide," and around normative categories such as "evil." The latter, Novick characteristically concludes, "is a philosophical (or religious) question we can sidestep." No more discussion, then, of comparative evil, or of distinctive forms of experience. Since nothing is unique, the Holocaust is not unique, and therefore Jews are not unique because of it; so let us return to the more entertaining subject of internecine Jewish politics.

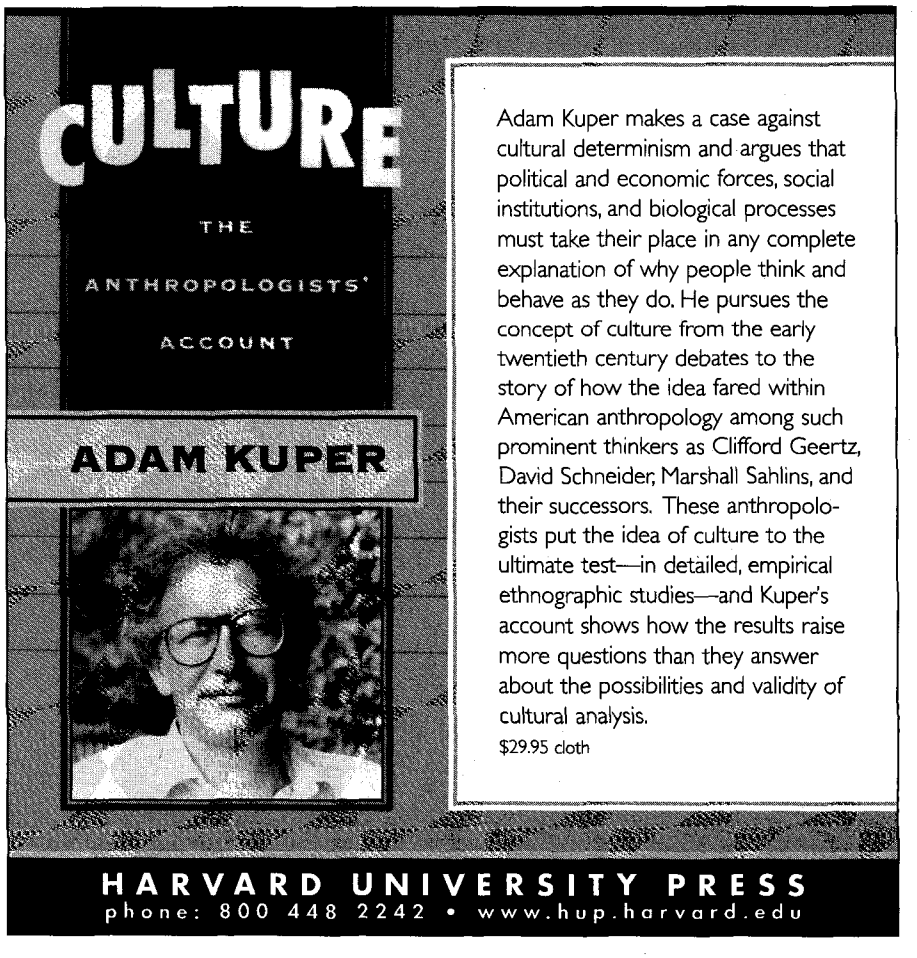
THERE HAS TO BE a better way to sort out the dilemma posed by the Holocaust, to criticize the troublingly instrumental uses to which the catastrophe is put without abandoning the attempt to engage with it on its own terrible and fundamental terms. And this is not just an American story. By confining his attention to the United States, and to American Jewish institutions and organizations in particular, Novick has distorted his material. If it were indeed the case that it was the fate of the Holocaust to rise and to fall in public memory and public discussion at the whims of McCarthyism, American Jewish insecurity, identity politics and hyphenated-Americanism, the allegedly Zionist concerns of major Jewish networks, and the fashions of Hollywood—and these alone—then how should we account for the comparable trajectory of Holocaust (and other war-related) memories in Europe?

The answer, of course, is that there is a larger story here: of forgetting and remembering; of generations and intergenerational communication; of a growing international (and philosophical) interest in the idea of rights, from which has flowed over time an increased concern over the abuse of rights, now and in the past; of steady revisions in the academic analysis and the public understanding of World War II, such that transnational violence and suffering of the kind epitomized by the Holocaust have displaced reassuring national myths at the center of the narrative. Some of these elements apply in more places than others. Some speak to distinctively European memory and experience. But some apply to America, too. And it is only when they, and the overlapping national cases that they describe, are treated as a whole that we can understand why the Holocaust has become what it is today, and why it could not have been that in earlier decades. In this more cosmopolitan version of the story, Norman Podhoretz, the American Jewish Committee, and paranoid Brooklyn rabbis play only a secondary role.

How else to explain, for example, the coincidence in the 1970s of increased American discussion of the Holocaust and a new level of French interest in the treatment of Jews under Vichy, a subject resolutely neglected hitherto? Does Novick think that German debates in the 1980s over the "Unmastered Past" were prompted, shaped, and sustained merely by the showing of the American television series "Holocaust"? How does he account for the interesting parallels between American and British attention to the destruction of the Jews, after 1945 and again in recent years? After all, the Cold War, which plays so crucial a role in Novick's account, was perceived quite differently on the other side of the Atlantic, where anti-Communism, not to speak of McCarthyism, was culturally insignificant; but on the subject of the wartime suffering of the Jews a similar silence prevailed. Obviously the American response to the Holocaust is distinctive; but it is not, as Novick would be the first to admit, unique. A little comparative history would have liberated his book from its parochialism.

Just as attention to the context of growing international interest in the Holocaust need not dilute one's appreciation of its distinctively American contours, so Novick's desire to furnish a historical account of the uses to which the Holocaust is put ought not to have precluded a concern for moral dilemmas. Yet these he steadfastly sidesteps. Is the Holocaust "unique"? In one sense, of course it is. The enterprise of Nazism took place recently and was carried through over a period of years. Its victims were defined by "race" and were hunted down across an entire continent. They were destined not for expulsion or punishment, but for extermination: murder was not the by-product of some vicious political project, it was the project itself. On the way to their extermination the Jews were dehumanized and tortured. "Scientific" experiments were carried out on children. The whole scheme is extraordinarily well-documented, and its victims numbered in excess of five million people. Now, certain features of the extermination of the Jews of Europe remind us of similarly obscene undertakings in other times and places; but surely there is no remotely comparable undertaking known to history, whether measured by intention, scale, methods, or outcome.

And yet the moral enormity of the Holocaust is not a consequence of its uniqueness. Uniqueness here is a descriptive category. If we invest the Holocaust with special significance, this must be because of some distinctive feature, established by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quite different criteria. What might those criteria be? The fact that all this was done to Jews? That is not a very convincing argument for most people, including most Jews. The fact that it has special lessons to teach? But what would those lessons be? Man's inhumanity to man, perhaps; but we did not need Auschwitz to teach us that particular lesson.

Does the Holocaust have something positive to offer us? Is there a usable message that may be coaxed out of this hell? American presentations of the Holocaust, whether in museums or schools or fiction, do sometimes lean on this crutch; and even the museum in Washington errs in this direction, though less than its critics have claimed. But it takes a distinctly religious or optimistic sensibility to find uplift in what happened in the camps or the death marches. As Novick rightly suggests, that is the kind of lesson that the listener already brings to the story.

I DO NOT SEE any obvious lesson in the particular experience of the Jews at the hands of the Nazis, though I recognize that some Jews may see it as a warning against living among non-Jews. But even Zionism did not need the Holocaust to be necessary or legitimate. At the same time, it is manifest humbug to speak of the Holocaust as a "universal" experience. It was decidedly not that. It was perpetrated by one group of persons (Germans, with local assistance from collaborators) upon another group of persons (Jews) in a particular time and a particular place. It is a Jewish memory (and, in recent years, a German one). Memorials and commentaries that collapse and confuse the identity of perpetrators and victims alike do a disservice to history and to their own purpose.

But if the Holocaust was something done by Germans to Jews in Europe in the 1940s, what is it about that Jewish experience that gives it, as Elie Wiesel likes to claim, universal implications? Peter Novick would reply, I think, that the answer is merely circumstance. The Holocaust became important because it served a useful role in Jewish life in America after the 1960s. Jews are a significant presence in American public life, after all, and the United States dominates the cultural and economic life of our planet, so the Holocaust and its imputed significance spread in a sort of neocolonial manner.

I would prefer to say that the Holocaust has acquired an iconic status because it captures succinctly and forcibly, at the end of our terrible century, something for which we lack a modern vocabulary, but which lies at the heart of our recent past and thus our present inheritance. That something is the idea of evil. To be sure, this is not an original suggestion. Hannah Arendt saw the point in 1945, when she wrote that "the problem of evil will be the fundamental question of postwar intellectual life in Europe—as death became the fundamental question after the last war." Arendt was wrong about the timing; it took thirty years before the question of evil found its way onto the intellectual agenda of the West. But her intuition was unerring.

Efforts to locate the Holocaust in a political or ideological narrative have consistently broken on the rock of irrationality: there is no story of human purposes, of the kind that makes sense to us, into which the behavior of Hitler or his executioners can be convincingly inserted. But those are not the only kinds of stories that can be proposed. We can understand this better by looking at what happens to visitors to the Holocaust Memorial Museum. A strikingly large number of those visitors are children—school groups, families. Many of them are not Jewish. So the awful things that they read and they see at the museum can make little sense as part of a personal or family narrative. They do not know the European history or even the American history into which some of their elders can insert these things. (As Novick disparagingly remarks, many American children—and college students—cannot even place World War II in the correct half of the century.) The only narrative available to such an audience is a moral one: the Holocaust as an illustration of pure badness. As an adult, a historian, and a Jew I may be uncomfortable with this. I may find myself wanting to insert context, to explain, to explicate, to complicate the images and texts that make up such a demonstration of human evil. But I may be mistaken.

The Holocaust is not an irreplaceable reminder of human nastiness; for such knowledge we can look in many places. But it is a rather distinctive reminder—or a distinctive warning—of what happens when the patina of civilized life cracks. It is, ironically, an illustration of something that the great reactionary thinkers of earlier times knew well, but which was forgotten by their optimistic, forward-looking successors: that civil society, public life, open political systems and the forms of behavior that they encourage and on which they depend, are all paper-thin constructions. They are much more fragile than it suits us to believe. In this sense, Nazism and its murderous climax serve as an admonition: think twice before unraveling the threads of convention; do not be hasty in welcoming root-and-branch projects to remake or to undo the unsatisfactory social compromises that history has bequeathed to us.

If the lesson of the Holocaust, then, is that there is evil "out there," and that we should become a little more adept at recognizing it and combating it, and that at the end of an exhausting and murderous epoch of all-encompassing, all-destroying projects we should learn to be more politically discriminating and more ready to condemn and to do battle with evil when we see it, then maybe the Holocaust does have something "universal" to teach. And those lessons, despite their moral key, are also political lessons. Sooner or later, taking the Holocaust seriously becomes a responsibility of American and European policy.

THE HOLOCAUST, in short, is many things. It is a terrible history that we must not forget, for the simple reason that we should not forget the past—ours and other people's. And because it is the past, and things were different then, we must be careful not to exploit it mercilessly for present advantage, lest we abuse the present and the past alike. But there is more. Because the Holocaust, for many people today, can speak to us mainly as a deracinated account of absolute evil, it has a special value in a world adrift on a sea of ethical and ideological uncertainty.

I do not wish to understate the paradoxes of popularized Holocaust-obsessiveness: the risk of sectarian abuse ("my suffering trumps your suffering"); the inclination to measure all other horrors against that of the industrial extermination of a whole people and to find them somehow wanting ("Kosovo is not Auschwitz"); the recently acquired habit of calling every political crime a "holocaust"; the danger of a backlash against overexposure. Elie Wiesel's outburst against the television soap-opera "Holocaust" had its place—the Holocaust, he said, "can never be comprehended or transmitted. Only those who were there know what it was; the others will never know"; but faced with such imperfect choices, I still share James Young's preference for inadequate and even abused memory over comfortable forgetting.

All in all, the ubiquity of Holocaust awareness today is not a bad thing. Although the compass needle of moral anguish in this country can waver uncertainly across an unnervingly wide swath of public choices, the direction in which it has pointed in recent decades is a clear and sustained improvement over earlier times. To the extent that the obsession with the extermination of the European Jews has contributed to this improvement, public interest in the Holocaust is to be encouraged. Is it good for the Jews? I am not sure. Is it good for America? Absolutely. ■

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The Man Who Loved Words

By JAROSLAV PELIKAN

Saint Augustine by Garry Wills

(Lipper/Viking, 152 pp., $19.95)

IT SEEMS appropriate—and Augustinian—to begin with a confession. Having read most of Augustine's works on theology and hundreds of books about Augustine, and having produced three or four such books myself, I was initially inclined to dismiss as fluff an essay-sized book that purports to give a responsible account of Augustine's life and thought in just under 50,000 words, and is part of a new series of "Penguin Lives" that promises to include a biography of Elvis Presley. Now that I have read it, I must acknowledge that my reaction (about this installment in the series, at least) was snobbery. Garry Wills's little book on Augustine deserves to be taken seriously, in part because it takes Augustine so seriously. Wills considers Augustine not only "warts and all," but also theology and all. He criticizes those modern reductionists, including some psychiatrists and some historians, who, finding it impossible to believe that God could really have been that important to him (or to anybody else), "do not take Augustine's theology seriously."

Anyone undertaking a life of Augustine today has to cope with the double whammy of writing about the man who practically invented autobiography as a genre and has also been the subject of one of the finest intellectual biographies of our time, Peter Brown's *Augustine of Hippo*, which appeared in 1967. (It will soon appear in a revised edition.) Wills repeatedly acknowledges his debt to Brown, as well as to James J. O'Donnell, the prodigy of current Augustinian studies, who has produced not only the definitive three-volume critical edition of the *Confessiones* but also the celebrated Augustine Web Site. The chapters of Wills's book are labeled with place-names, "I: Africa (354-383)," "II: Italy (383-388)," "III: Africa (388-430)," as are the sections of the chapters (Carthage, Milan, Hippo); but the narrative toggles back and forth between places and times—and above all, between persons—to elucidate its account.

Wills, like Brown, is deeply impressed with Augustine's need for human association, for "the bond of company (*socialis necessitudo*) [that] can lift one up to heaven." The man who said in his *Soliloquies* (a term that he invented), "God and the soul, that is what I desire to know, nothing more," nevertheless desired to know a great deal more, not least about other people, whose conversation and friendship he craved. Some of them must stand out in any account of his life, above all his mother Monica, who dominates Book Nine of the *Confessiones* as well as most secondary sources about Augustine's early biography.

She was a Christian, her husband a pagan; but by that special combination of prayers and pressures that has marked so many pious mothers and grandmothers in both the Christian and the Jewish traditions, she persisted in willing her son into the faith, until she was told by a bishop whom she had been nagging about the case: "Go away from me; as you live, it cannot be that the son of these tears should perish." For this reason, Monica has also been especially important for those purporting to explain Augustine's psychology. Perhaps in reaction against the excesses to which this psychobabble has been carried—consider, for example, Rebecca West's notorious remark about Monica that "in her religion she had a perfect and, indeed, noble instrument for obtaining her desire that her son should not become a man"—Wills somewhat plays down her early importance, and concentrates instead on her later significance in Augustine's estimation, finding "pathos in the fact that this belated recognition was followed so soon by her death."

Considerably more amusing is Wills's description of "a correspondence ... that became a comedy of errors" between Augustine and the irascible Jerome, the most renowned scholar of the Latin Church and translator of the Bible into

JAROSLAV PELIKAN is Sterling Professor emeritus at Yale University.

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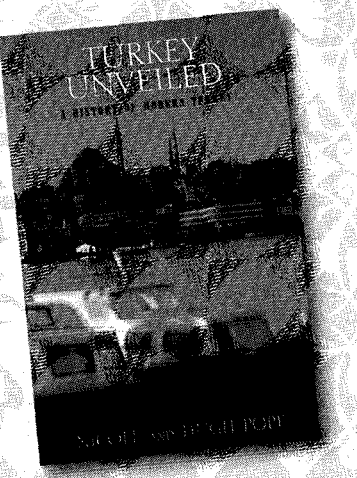

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Latin from Hebrew and Greek, about whom Wills observes that "it was as rare for him to keep a friend as for Augustine to lose one." Their correspondence dealt not only with the minutiae of biblical philology, of which Jerome was the acknowledged master, but also with the morality of lying, of which he was an unacknowledged master. Jerome was older and more erudite than Augustine, a "three-language man [*vir trilinguis*]" as Augustine called him, but he was only a presbyter while Augustine was a bishop. Responding to Augustine's repeated explanations about a letter that had gone astray, he finally wrote: "I admit I was wary of answering Your Eminence since I was not sure your letter was authentic.... Also, I did not want to be dismissive of a bishop of our faith and to answer a correcting letter with correction—all the more because I discerned heretical things in it." Such letters back and forth showed, in Brown's delightful phrase, "two highly civilized men conducting, with studied courtesy, a *singularly rancorous correspondence*."

Augustine's sexuality is even more dominant than his mother in the secondary sources about his early life—though, to be sure, the two topics are often combined, especially by party-line Freudians. As Wills comments, a "superficial but very common view of Augustine turns the great seeker into nothing but the great sinner, an ex-debauchee obsessed with sex." This view has been made singularly attractive particularly by his doctrine of original sin as a fatal flaw that is transmitted from one generation to the next through sexual conception, which he sometimes describes as though it were some kind of venereal disease. (The birth of Jesus from the Virgin Mary was therefore the great exception.) Correcting such an interpretation of the Augustinian definition of original sin, Wills takes care to make the necessary distinctions: "The debate was not over sex in itself, but over Augustine's claim that the sexual impulse's randomness is derived from Adam's fall."

The randomness of desire was the problem, not desire itself, which is divinely created and intrinsically good: Wills's discrimination is a welcome corrective after so much tiresome discussion of the subject. Still, I do regret that the prominence of sex in the popular mind—and in the scholarly mind—seems to have required Wills to expend more words and pages on Augustine's relation to his sexuality, as in the section subtitled "Sin, Sex, and Death," than on his relation to the Incarnation and the person of Jesus Christ. But all this does not mean that Wills is averse to psychological insights, and some of them are very astute, as when, in explaining the notorious incident of Augustine's joining with a gang of other youths to steal some pears, he makes this striking observation: "A brilliant prodigy favored by the town patron by day, he aspired to be a street tough by night."

Alexander Souter, Regius Professor of Humanity in the University of Aberdeen and editor of the *Glossary of Later Latin* published by Oxford University Press in 1949, once pronounced the judgment that "it seems indisputable that, whether Augustine be the greatest Latin writer or not, he is the greatest man who ever wrote Latin." It is not surprising that a book by a writer as fine as Garry Wills about a master of Latin prose is itself "obsessed" with language. As Wills observes, in a sentence that would have been worthy of his subject (or of his subject's literary mentor, Cicero):

> He had, all his life, been building a palace of words in which he lived, this antirhetorical rhetorician who yet saw the divine Word reflected in every word men speak or write (or even mentally formulate), a man who loved words too well, perhaps, indulging them as they frisked from him in catchy ways, curling back around and through each other, carrying heavy loads of meaning at times, or else just bubbling up in self-indulgent echoes or assonance, yet reaching us—all those words, profound or playful—with an extraordinary immediacy, even today.

One of the most charming features of this book is its translations, all of which appear to be by Wills, who learned his theological Latin well in his early days. He even turns his hand to rendering Augustine's Latin "slangy verse" into equally "slangy" English:

> See church as net, and world as sea—

arc projection & mnemonoscope I

Collapsing stars/declarations of betrayal *so dense no light escaped.*
Barn music at midnight, lone transistor radio launches its messenger.
To the four moons of Jupiter: transcriptions of abundance in winter.
Let down and hanging around, you know I'd never leave you.
Soul transmits to body above the subterranean spacesick alien.
Earth's cold apples drawn, quartered, and fed to hysterical horses.
Saddle slung over the frozen rope swing, loneliness rides toward me.
In one fell swoop the sky was saved for our inspection and amazement.
Appaloosa against the unbridled snow, a lone transistor radio.
Landlocked and blue, *one day I will grow wings, and leave you.*

arc projection & mnemonoscope II

Feeding the steaming beast a sugarcube, I think of you.
Not ordered but not resembling any flower or riot formation.
"If the rock were a diamond, the simple act of pointing—"
Would mean wanting: barn music, wild poppies, mob logic.
The night we kissed, your eyes unfastened beneath the bodacious.
Luna and locked lips—four years later, looking frozen in the river.
Two blue fish; not chaotic; but not resembling any diamond.
Or rock formation, which would mean creating, in order.
To exist, I feed the sugarbeast, warm the water, unfreeze the fish—
Your river's cold choplogic seduces, then reduces, my hot dry heart.

arc projection & mnemonoscope III

Wanting the old love, lost way, unsolvable sky, we fold back.
Into its pale cocoon a twisting butterfly, baroque wings beating.
Incessantly against the undivided snow: a buzzing detuned radio.
Frozen without you and feeling so low, blue body transmits to soul.
Praying to the four moons of Jupiter: send eternal loops of winter.
An alien thing landed upon our shore, making us mute, making us more.
Endless and afraid: arc projection between the barn and the astrolabe.
Connecting "my snow mnemonic field" with "your blue celestial city."
Butterfly fold unfurling to infinity—*Go on your strange journey.*
Rise up out of the old beast, launching arrows into the riddled heavens.

Tessa Rumsey

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Saints, sinners in net mingled be.
We sail on to the end of time,
Then doom is fixed, what's yours,
what's mine.

This was Augustine's interpretation of the parable of the net catching both kosher and forbidden seafood in Matthew 13 to defend the practice of not immediately expelling sinners from the church.

SOMETIMES WILLS (like Augustine) is, in his phrase, "a man who loves words too well, perhaps." This prompts him to come up not only with such translations of Augustine's sentences as those that I have just quoted, but also with some quite idiosyncratic renderings of proper names, including the names of several of Augustine's writings. Thus I have been citing the *Confessiones* with that title not to show off the Latin, but because, in a linguistic justification that consumes almost four of his pages—thus two percent of the whole book—Wills argues that the English title of Augustine's most famous work should be *The Testimony*, not *Confessions*, on the grounds that, by contrast with its usage in Augustine and other Latin church fathers, "little if any of this rich theological resonance carries over to the word 'confessions' in English." Yet *The Westminster Confession of Faith* of English Presbyterianism and *The Augsburg Confession* of Lutheranism are still among the most common instances of the word "confession" even in present-day ecclesiastical English, also in the United States.

I do welcome Wills's rendering of Augustine's title *De doctrina christiana* as *Instruction* instead of the usual *On Christian Doctrine*, because in that same present-day ecclesiastical English "doctrine" consistently refers to the content of Christian teaching rather than, as Augustine's Latin word *doctrina* (from Cicero's usage) does, to the process of Christian teaching. I would also hold still for translating the title of *Retractationes* in English as *Reconsiderations* and not as *Retractions*, because Augustine did less "retracting" than he did "reconsidering" in that remarkable auto-biobibliography written three or four years before the end of his life; and the customary translation of *De Genesi ad Litteram* as "literal interpretation" (Wills calls it *First Meanings in Genesis*) is downright ludicrous in the light of Augustine's penchant for "spiritual" and allegorical exegesis. But Wills is somewhat pedantic to insist on a double "n" in the name of Augustine's mother Monnica—and too cute by half to give Augustine's anonymous beloved the name "Una" just because Augustine says of her in the *Confessiones* that "I lived with only one woman [*unam habebam*] and kept faith with her bed."

A graver question of language concerns Augustine and the knowledge of Greek. "Augustine's failure to learn Greek," Peter Brown has remarked, "was a momentous casualty of the Late Roman educational system: he will become the only Latin philosopher in antiquity to be virtually ignorant of Greek." As a schoolboy forced to parse Greek sentences, Augustine's "'unfettered inquisitiveness' was checked by 'intimidating assignments,'" so that, though he cried over the death of Dido in Book Four of Virgil's *Aeneid*, he was not capable of similar reactions to Euripides or Sophocles or Homer. (I have sometimes wondered what it must have been like to try to teach Greek grammar to Augustine the schoolboy!)

Wills finds it in his heart to see this ignorance of Greek as a "partial advantage," because Augustine's "deep originality comes in part from his lack of dependence on other traditions." But this does not suffice. Even beyond Plato and Aristotle or the Greek poets, the most momentous of these "other traditions" was certainly the theological development of the Greek Christian East during the second, third, and fourth centuries, with figures such as Clement and Origen, Athanasius and Gregory of Nazianzus, Basil of Caesarea and Gregory of Nyssa. Augustine's "deep originality" as a result of his separation from that tradition, except for what happened to have been translated into Latin—this in someone who could say of the Nicene Creed, "This is my faith because this is the Catholic faith"—proved to be not only brilliant in its pyrotechnic speculations but also tragic in its consequences. Augustine's doctrine of original sin and, even more portentously, his virtuosic doctrine of the Trinity helped to prepare the way for the eventual schism between the Eastern Church and the Western Church, a schism whose echoes can still be heard today in the carnage in the Balkans.

In looking for books with which to compare this short life of Augustine, I found myself thinking of two other converts, whom Wills mentions together in the same paragraph: Newman and Chesterton. Like Saint Paul before him and like Newman after him, Augustine by his conversion entered a church that would be obliged, in considerable measure through him, to (in Newman's profound phrase) "change in order to remain the same." Newman in the *Apologia pro vita sua* had some of the same purpose in mind as Augustine in the *Confessiones*, and at least in some passages manifested some of the same eloquence. But it was Chesterton,

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whose diptych of biographical pieces on Francis of Assisi (1923) and Thomas Aquinas (1933) might also seem like "fluff" to scholarly snobs, who succeeded in packing into two eminently readable books such clear and profound insights about both saints that no less a medievalist than the formidable Thomist scholar Etienne Gilson called Chesterton's life of "the dumb Sicilian ox" his favorite book on Aquinas. If it was the ambition of Wills's book to stand on the shelf alongside those, it has succeeded to a remarkable degree. ■

The strange birth of modern tourism.

Far Away So Close

By KAREN KENNERLY

Grand Tours and Cook's Tours: A History of Leisure Travel, 1750 to 1915 by Lynne Withey

(William Morrow, 401 pp., $30)

I.

REBECCA WEST LEFT Yugoslavia after her first visit in 1936 with a bundle of embroidered linen dresses that she had acquired in Macedonia. Stopping over in Vienna on her way home, she sent the dresses out to be washed, but when they came back, the colors had bled into a "sordid smear": those bright and archaic designs, which for her were a testimony to the spirit and the beauty of the country that she had just discovered, were now spread across her knees like a ruined map. "You cannot understand why I think these dresses important," she explained disconsolately to her husband, " 'you have not been there.' 'Is it so wonderful there?' he asked. 'It is more wonderful than I can tell you,' [she] answered. 'But how' he said. [She] could not tell him at all clearly. [She] said, 'Well, there is everything there. Except what we have.' "

People have always traveled for what is not at home (and for what, finally, cannot be brought home); but the "what" has changed in every period and in every culture. Travel has a history, and so does tourism. In the nineteenth century, a new sense of self—highly subjective, hungry for experience, freed from the encasements of social and cultural heritage—was to turn on its head the eighteenth-century prescription of who traveled and with what purpose. The form that leisure travel had begun to acquire in the sixteenth century was fully developed and institutionalized in the eighteenth century; and the grid of the institution (especially of the Grand Tour, where travel ceased to be an individualistically inspired endeavor) supported the rise of tourism that came in the nineteenth century and continues to define travel in our time.

But not even the superficialities of mass tourism, and the general knowingness about places that are in fact unknown (the world as it is disclosed in the travel magazines and the travel sections of newspapers), have disturbed or really altered the reason that has launched travelers from the beginning. Then as now, the traveler is stirred into movement by the feeling of a lack at home. This is not a desire to exchange one place for another, to fold in and dissolve along the way; it is, rather, a spiky reach for the ulterior, for what is visible at first only as the ulterior. Locomotion and the intelligence that it ignites, Santayana wrote, "is an attempt, and a victorious attempt, to be in two places at once."

Pilgrims moved to arrive at a sacred tree, a golden cup. Those proto-travelers were the first to be in two places at once, in the immanence of home and in the transcendence of the shrine. Yet the distance from the one to the other has none of the separation from home that defines what we think of as traveling; the distance that pilgrims cover only intensifies the focus that defines and completes the center of home. It does not extend it. The place where pilgrims arrive is not foreign to them. Their destination does not jar their spirit, their destination confirms it.

Wanderers, by contrast, travel to leap over boundaries, though they do not exactly acknowledge them; and unlike pilgrims, they crave separation from home. Wanderers go precisely to find other worlds, to know something new. But they keep going and going, and so for them the experience of the other place becomes a way of life. Momentum overtakes movement, and dissolves the temporal locality where one is in two places at once. Moving becomes an act of rebellion against the very idea of home—a falling out of love with one's nativity, as Shakespeare defined travel. If pilgrims travel not to be elsewhere, wanderers go not to return; and all reference to home as a center is obliterated by the forward motion with which they clear their way.

Traveling—or what we call touring—comes late in the evolution of a civilization, in part because the sense of home must be so unshakably located in one's psyche that the geography of home can be temporarily relinquished. "The human heart," wrote Santayana, "is local and finite, it has roots: and if the intellect radiates from it, according to its strength, to greater and greater distances, the reports, if they are to be gathered up at all, must be gathered up at that center." In the development of the history of travel, the span between the center and the destination lengthens as the traveler becomes freer from a predetermined purpose—from the religious quest of the pilgrim, or the business trip of the explorer. Instead, the traveler comes to find his purpose during the course of the journey itself.

People travel to step outside so that they may step back inside. Modern travel feels like a respite not only from familiarity, but also from irony. At home, wonder is almost impossible; but on the road things may be seen with surprise, with a childlike literalness. At the beginning of his journey in the Congo, Gide found that "at first I was delighted with everything: the novelty of the climate, of the light, of the vegetation, of the perfumes, of the birds' songs, and of my own self in the midst of this." The traveler becomes an adventurer even where there is no danger. Impressions are gathered subjectively and aimlessly, but the yield is a sudden clarity, a trove of moments of enraptured perception.

II.

THE EIGHTEENTH century marked the near-end of the "Age of Discovery," in that the world was known as such and the globe described. It was also in the 1700s that travel became institutionalized for the upper classes and the upper middle classes of Europe. Such excursioning was codified in the eighteenth century as the Grand Tour, which was undertaken principally for educational

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purposes and typically took one through France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and Flanders.

The English accounted for the greatest number of tour-ists, as Lynne Withey reports. In 1750, England was the wealthiest nation in the world, and it freely permitted its citizens to leave the country (unlike the French, for whom touring was exorbitantly expensive and who were usually denied permission to cross borders). Britons went abroad to partake for a while at the fountainheads of classical learning. In 1785, 40,000 English traveled beyond their borders, and 3,760 went to Paris in one six-week period. "The rage for travelling," noted one local commentator, had reached "an amazing pitch of folly."

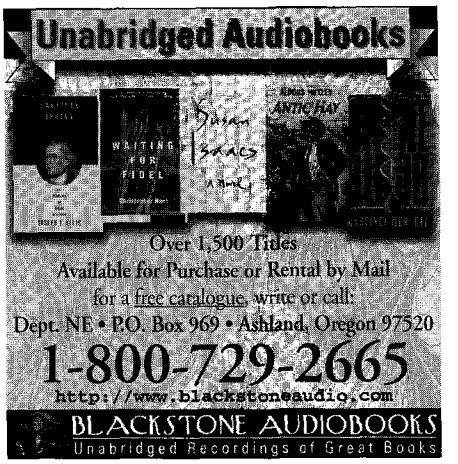
Withey's book is rich in detail and vivid in its anecdotal accounts of what it was like to be a traveler in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It is delightful to read, and useful, too, in its presentation of a narrative and a pictorial geography which serves as a useful ballast to the more theoretical studies of the phenomenon of travel that have proliferated in recent years. Of those studies, one of the most deeply and broadly intelligent is James Buzard's *The Beaten Track: European Tourism, Literature, and the Ways to Culture, 1800-1918*, which appeared in 1993. Withey's book and Buzard's book are profitably read together.

THE JOURNEY ITSELF was not as leisurely as we may sentimentally assume. Getting from one place to another was merely slow—uncomfortable in carriages without springs over potted roads, and tedious for those without Goethe's passion for minerals and meteorology. The very rich went by private carriage and horses; but most tourists hired carriages and traveled by "post," which meant changing horses and drivers at frequent intervals at posting stations (which doubled as crude inns), where one often waited out delays in getting fresh horses. But at least the carriages were private. The less well-off took a kind of public bus called a diligence, which held about thirty passengers. Travelers and locals jostled together in what Boswell scathingly described as "a remain of barbarity of manners ... just a large cart, mounted upon very high wheels."

Abroad, travelers rented apartments or took rooms in small residence hotels—which is to say, they lived as the indigenes did. (The tourist hotel, that parenthesis within a place where tourism creates a self-referring world of stilled motion, did not come into being until the nineteenth century.) Travelers, and particularly the English, had no cushion for their discomfort in foreign places. The cold marble, the bare floors, and the sparse furniture of France left them restive for want of coziness; the powdered wigs and the easy affability of French women, not to mention the open adultery of Italian women, shocked them into homesickness for their unaffable and faithful wives. But the English were also anxious to fit in. Paris was already the capital of fashion, and the newly arrived traveler went first to be outfitted in French clothes before being seen in Parisian streets or visiting the great art collections in aristocrats' homes, where admission depended not least on the quality of one's attire.

THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY traveler journeyed to foreign places to be enlightened—and to be filled in: he knew what he was looking for in those places that held new things, the tangible objects of culture and experiences that would extend the knowledge with which he set out. "I shall never rest," Goethe wrote during his second stay in Rome, "until I know that all my ideas are derived, not from hearsay or tradition, but from my real living contact with the things themselves." This empiricist temerity, this insistence that understanding comes only by perceiving everything with your own eyes, and with ardent attention gathering all that is within your reach, was given existential expression in the modern traveler, who regarded new cities and surprising landscapes with a bright disinterest. The wondrous and the abysmal were equally worth experiencing, so long as each encounter yielded a new thing. "I would be content to endure some inconvenience to content a passion so powerful with me as curiosity," Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote back home from Constantinople in 1718.

For the eighteenth-century traveler, the other place (and the other time that was represented by historical monuments) was distinguished from one's own place and time. One went to be enlightened by the experience abroad so that one would be more complete in terms of one's own society. Travel was an occasion, certainly, to be free from home; but even if the traveler changed identity or was cloaked in local dress, it was not to go native but rather to go about looking through a one-way mirror. When Lady Montagu wanted to see the Sultan Selim mosque, she "was dressed in [her] Turkish habit, and admitted without scruple." She entered unhampered by foreignness but she did not lose herself, maintaining always the distinction between observing and belonging. The intense and dispassionate attention to the foreign world reestablished the space between the feeling self and the seeing self.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Order in landscape was of a beauty surpassed only by the beauty in art. Withey points out that "prevailing tastes valued order and symmetry, and, above all, the visible manifestations of human creativity in taming nature." Nature was admired for the bucolic reflection it threw of civilization. Mountains, on the other hand, were repugnant or frightening—"wild, vast, and undigested Heaps of Stones and Earth," Bishop Thomas Burnet described them on his grand tour in 1671. The French traveler Guy Miege found England beautiful precisely because it is "generally a flat and open Country, not overgrown with wild and unwholsom Forests, nor dreadful high mountains"; but even there, the Lake District was "a land of unhospitable terror, barren and bleak" for Daniel Defoe in the 1720s.

According to Withey, "Christian doctrine, going back to Augustine, held that God had produced the irregular and barren features of the earth after the original creation, in his wrath at Adam's fall; thus it was possible to believe in the perfection of God's creation while detesting some of the earth's physical forms.... In the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, however, a new generation of theologians began to argue that the earth in all its varied forms was part of God's original design and that God was manifest [everywhere] in nature." Burnet was one of the first among them, compelled as he was after his trip to wrestle with the contradiction between the admitted majesty of the Alps and his repugnance for them.

In 1756, Edmund Burke brought the ungraspable vastness of nature to human understanding when he divided it between the beautiful and the sublime: his "attributes of beauty," Withey writes, "were smoothness, smallness, gradual variation, and delicacy of form and color; the sublime, in contrast, he characterized in terms of roughness, darkness, vastness, power, solitude, and infinity." But the inevitable need to tame the wild in order to love its wildness is revealed in the descriptive language of the eighteenth-century traveler, where opposites are blurred to create a middle ground in which one can nest in imprecision and thus familiarity. Joseph Addison wrote that the Alps "fill the mind with an agreeable kind of Horror"; and the Duchess of Northumberland echoed his way of seeing by describing a castle in Scotland as "a scene of glorious Horror and terrible Delight."

The traveler's impulse to mold the strange otherness of place into familiar habits of perception also yielded, paradoxically, new ways of seeing. In the 1770s, William Gilpin, an English minister and ardent traveler in Scotland, conceived of the picturesque way to look at nature in *Observations on the River Wye, and Several Parts of South Wales, etc. Relative Chiefly to Picturesque Beauty*. By so doing, he created what was to become the modern way of seeing. Earlier in the century, "picturesque"—which entered the language from the French around 1700—was used principally for gardening; and if picturesque gardens brought the wild into the domestic "picture frame," Gilpin's picturesque travel brought the domestic frame into the wild. In imitation of art, the traveler was taught to frame views so that the object before him transformed, in his mind's eye, into a painting *en plein air*. As the late-eighteenth-century traveler absorbed the infinitude of nature by thus remaking it into a finite version of itself, the possibility of a true encounter with the foreign place closed over. Otherness was banished by the plastic power of the traveler's mind.

Once picturing became the way to look at things, paintings or literary descriptions that already existed were invoked to understand the unknown. "Worthy of the pencil of Claude" was common parlance for a subtle and restrained landscape. An utterance of Salvator Rosa confirmed the grandeur of the mountain view before one's eyes. Not content with memorial comparisons alone, the "Claude glass" was invented for travelers who wanted to render their forays into landscape instantly idealized: you carried two of these convex mirrors, the one with black backing for sunny days, the one with silver foil for cloudy weather. As Withey explains, "to use the glass, one stood facing away from the view, holding the mirror in front to catch the reflection of the scene, a technique that supposedly sharpened the image and softened the colors."

III.

As the eighteenth century came to a close, Burke's momentous illumination of the beautiful and the sublime was shrunken and annealed into objects of experience by an ever-growing number of travelers, and Rousseau's "sublime science of simple souls" was patronizingly understood as the quaint peasants whom one saw along the way. The nineteenth-century heirs of these travelers were to become the modern tourist. Dubbed by their culture as "inauthentic travelers," or tourists, they were yoked to the institutionalized tour, which guaranteed packaged experiences, rote responses, and terminal disconnections with otherness.

But there also came into being a new kind of traveler, the "authentic travelers," who were the inheritors of Burke and Rousseau and were defined by a fervent and self-reliant search for the truth about the other. The phenomenon of leisure travel now branched into two distinct ways of being abroad. For both tourist and traveler, the picturesque continued to be the principal way of seeing. But the picturesque had acquired two modes, to borrow from Ruskin's analysis of picturesque painting. The low, or spurious, kind found the tourist taking pleasure in a hamlet, say, because it was charmingly situated—and disregarding the devastation that may have beset it; he appropriated its outward prettiness to serve the expectations of his trip. For the traveler, however, who saw in the authentic way of the high picturesque, the prettiness of place poignantly sharpened the sense of loss therein: he approached the hamlet without expectation, and had what Ruskin called a "communion of heart with [his] subject." Or a communion with otherness.

Otherness had never been so passionately sought after as it was by the nontourist, the authentic traveler of the nineteenth century. For him or her, the sense of otherness moved to the center of one's experience. The commonplace self mired in ordinary life was opposed to the yearning self that reached up through "the unintelligible world" of the Romantics for a higher truth, which was a truth almost certainly unattainable at home. To vouchsafe a naked encounter with the other, the authentic traveler had to enter into the states of loneliness abroad and alienation at home. Buzard suggests that this new loss of belonging denoted nothing less than the beginning of modernity, and the "beginning of an era of exile and *Unheimlichkeit* ... a time when one stops belonging to a culture and can only *tour* it." The traveler found a new kind of authenticity in separation, one which allowed him to experience the foreign encounter with an ecstatic objectivity.

By the 1820s, when the authentic traveler found himself colliding with mass tourists—when they came hurtling across the Channel and down the Alps, led by tour guides engaged in profit rather than education, or sightseeing with guidebooks that assumed no previous anticipation—the traveler had become a kind of adversarial companion of the tourist, this specter whom the traveler could not altogether shuck and who consequently made the traveler into a self-conscious non-tourist. For it was with the conclusion of the Napoleonic Wars in 1815 that those with the right to travel rushed abroad. The new generation went to visit the Grand Tour of their elders, but also to see those places in a radically different way; and the places that they visited were no longer to be theirs alone.

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The end of war and the start of the Industrial Revolution sent abroad the first tourists. These tourists, coming as they did from merchant and working classes that had recently gained a little leisure time, visited the grand cities and the famed landscapes of the Grand Tour as if miraculously disconnected from their own histories for those short weeks. If the privileged traveler had an entitled right to the journey, the working-class traveler had the new democratic right to reinvent himself along the way.

The origins of the modern tourist may be found in modern mobility itself: the movement into towns and cities uprooted one's identity with the homestead, and the relevance of ancestral narratives receded. Once in the cities, the masses of immigrants from the countryside jostled the serene order of class structure, and every presumption was rattled. "Among the busy crowd," quotes Buzard from an English columnist writing in 1862, "one feels oneself to be a very insignificant unit.... What is one among so many.... You have to fall in with the current or get your shins kicked.... Rich equipages fall into the train of coal wagons, and liveried footmen have to wait the passage of brewers' drays." This was written, you might say, by a tourist at home; and this new citizen, divested of his past, was ready to be enlightened about the rest of the world.

"NOW IS THE time for the working classes ... the upper and middle classes have had the benefit of arrangements adapted to *their* circumstances, and the time for the millions has now arrived." This was Thomas Cook's rallying call in 1851. As Withey writes, "breaking down barriers of class and nationality" was Cook's mission. A cabinetmaker from the Midlands, he became an ardent campaigner for the temperance movement, a Nonconformist, a progressive idealist who dreamed of a "universal brotherhood," and to this end a great believer in the potential of the new technology. One summer day in 1841, when he was thirty-two, he found his calling: "About midway between Harborough and Leicester—my mind's eye had often reverted to the spot—a thought flashed through my brain—what a glorious thing it would be if the newly-developed powers of railways and locomotion could be made subservient to the promotion of temperance."

From the start, Cook conceived his work on a grand scale, and later that year he managed to take 570 people to a temperance rally. Although some rail excursions pre-dated Cook's maiden tour, the design of the tour as a "total experience" was Cook's invention. He saw to every possible comfort, and even brought in special entertainment—all by way of persuading his hoped-for converts that a life of temperance could happily replace intemperate hours in a pub. One passenger wrote that "Mr. Cook ... was a great man to-day. Crowds obeyed his instructions implicitly and certainly regarded him as an infallible authority."

What Cook had done, in fact, was to fashion the modern tourist, in whom the authority of the traveler is usurped by the authority of the tour guide. The entrepreneurial Cook soon set his sights beyond the temperance cause. When the organizers of the Exhibition at the Crystal Palace in 1851 approached him to arrange cheap excursions from the Midlands to the Fair, Cook ambitiously seized the chance to bring together workers from all over the country—to enlighten them about their membership in a national fraternity of workers in rivalry with foreign industry, and thereby to return them home with a fresh and grander sense of purpose. Cook rode around the country like an evangelist, hawking the thrills of the Exhibition and preaching its moral benefits. He cajoled factory owners to give time off, drove down competing prices for rail tickets, acted as pawnbroker in providing collateral for expenses, and arranged for incredibly cheap lodging. Altogether, he brought over 160,000 people to the Fair.

Cook had created the package tour, and he developed it into an international business of inexpensive travel designed for the short vacation time of working people. He had also invented an industry that fueled his dream of erasing distinctions of class and nation. "The humble may travel," he wrote in 1854, "the rich may travel. Taste and Genius may look out of third-class windows.... Railway time is London time, and London time is the sun's time, and the sun's time is common time." One summer Cook took 3,000 tourists to Scotland; and 1,700 people on his first guided tour to Paris (a quarter actually traveling with him, the rest following his set itineraries with his prepaid rail tickets and hotels); and 300 people followed Cook through the passes and peaks of Switzerland.

With only two or three weeks for excursions, the new tourists went at great speed. Withey reports on a tour taken by a young woman named Jemima Morrell and her friends through the Alps:

> days that began at 5:00 or 6:00 A.M. and ended late in the evening, hours spent on trains and in carriages, nearly every night in a different hotel. In their two weeks, the Morrell group crossed the Tête Noire Pass between Chamonix and Martigny, went up the Rhone Valley as far as Sion, visited the spa at Leuk, rode mules over the Gemmi Pass to Kandersteg, steamed across Lake Thun and Lake Brienz, toured Interlaken, visited the waterfalls at Lauterbrunnen and Giessbach ... [then] to Mount Rigi via three lake steamers and a diligence, with a four-hour break in Lucerne around midday, where they squeezed in a visit to the cathedral before lunch. ("It must be done," Jemima remarked.) Arriving at the base of Mount Rigi late in the afternoon, they proceeded to climb to the summit ... the last bit of it after dark. At 3:00 A.M. they were up again to view the sunrise ... with the other two hundred guests at the hotel. By 7:00 they were ready to hike down the mountain and head back to Lucerne; 'Time was despotic" was Jemima's comment.

Rail travel provided the infrastructure of mass tourism, and the speed of trains profoundly altered the way of seeing for the nineteenth-century traveler as well as tourist. One was lifted just off the ground, like a ride at a fairground, and tucked in an impregnable vehicle separated from the variables of road and weather. "I have but to sit here thinking as idly as I please, and be whisked away," wrote Dickens. "I am not accountable to anybody for the idleness of my thoughts in such an idle summer flight.... Here we are—no, I mean there we were, for it has darted far into the rear.... Fields, windmills, low grounds, pollard-trees, windmills, fields, fortifications, Abbeville, soldiering and drumming."

But speed has its experiential costs. In the views from the train, detail was sacrificed for range. For serious (or authentic) travelers, this erasure was a disturbing loss, as Henry James observed in 1872: "the railway train whizzed by, and the genius loci seemed to flee howling in the shriek of its signal." Travel by rail and with speed also blotted out the road along the way. For the traveler, the road—and the towns and villages edging it—was as much part of the journey as the destination. But train tracks are more like borders than roads, in that their purpose is to connect one place to another (scenic spot to grand city), leaving the road, as Buzard puts it, an empty place. Train travel anticipated the decline that Orwell described when he acerbically called air travel an "interregnum in experience." The old road now deserted, the network of rail drew a new geography, where Paris, Geneva, and Rome were in one country, the Swiss, German, and Italian Alps in another.

With the absence of foreground went any connection to the places through which one traveled; and with the absence of connection went inquiry, and the absence of inquiry bred passivity. Inside the

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train compartments, the tourist soon tired of looking out the window and studied, instead, the guidebooks produced by Baedeker in Germany and Murray in England. These handbooks, which were small enough to fit into one's pocket, democratized travel by giving the new tourists the information that freed them from their dependence on costly personal guides, and freed them, too, from their own lack of education.

Sparing the tourist the anxiety of encounter, these books coached one for accurate responses. Excerpts from Byron were included (verses sometimes rearranged to exclude thoughts not about the site described, or dicey political references) to provide the tourist a *faux* moment of passion as one stood in the footsteps of this star traveler. Buzard cites a commentator in 1863: "Every Englishman carries a Murray for information, and a Byron for sentiment, and finds out by them what he is to know and feel at every step." While earlier travelers' guides were accounts of one person's journey, which recorded the process of traveling and discovery, the new ones held the foreign place under the glass of factual information, sealing it off from the air in which the indigene lived and through which the traveler moved.

The traveler encountered the new "mob" in ancient ruins and city squares with convulsive dislike, and it was not long before the anti-tourist was born. The anti-tourist, as Paul Fussell has described him, "is not to be confused with the traveler; his motive is not inquiry but self-protection and vanity." In *The Way of All Flesh*, Samuel Butler captured the psyche of one such anti-tourist in his portrait of Mendelssohn sitting in front of the Venus de Medici: "I wonder how many chalks Mendelssohn gave himself for having sat two hours on that chair. I wonder how often he looked at his watch to see if his two hours were up. I wonder ... how often he wondered whether any of the visitors were recognizing him and admiring him for sitting such a long time in the same chair, and how often he was vexed at seeing them pass him by and take no notice of him. But perhaps if the truth were known his two hours was not quite two hours."

The anti-tourists were sometimes great spirits, but often they were snobs. When they found themselves competing with the new tourists—the nannies and the shop-keepers—for a place in the classless crowd, they sought to assert the old aristocracy of travel. This aristocracy was not only a spiritual condition. It also denoted practical privileges, and the comforts of exclusivity. Later in the century, an actual world of exclusivity was invented in the enclaves of luxury that separated them from the traveling masses and local customs and food: Pullman's trains outfitted with wood paneling, crystal chandeliers, and tapestries, and with a library and an organ. The huge luxury hotels—developed in large part by the Swiss entrepreneur César Ritz in the last quarter of the nineteenth century—were fantastical worlds within their compounds, and identical from country to country.

But modern tourism was unstoppable. The new tourists, oblivious to the distinctions between themselves and the more cultivated traveler, went about hewing the way for their home away from home, cosseted by tour guides or by hotels built (or appointed) expressly for them. "Their time had come," as Cook predicted; entitled now, they also went about enacting fantasies of class, milling incognito among the upper classes, undetected for a while in the fancy suit of clothes bought abroad for the purpose. The tour industry itself was also oblivious to the indigenes and to their cities and countrysides, and so it defaced them: tourist bookshops were installed around the new train stations in the center of country hamlets, tourist hotels were carved into old city facades (regular hotels were referred to by tourists as "foreign"), restaurants that wanted a share in the profit changed their menus to serve plain English food.

Travelers found tourists everywhere, outflanking them, buzzing in corners where solitude was sought, and were maddened by them. Byron reported that "at Chamouni, in the very eyes of Mont Blanc, hearing [an English] woman ... exclaim to her party, 'Did you ever see anything more *rural*,' as if it were Highgate, or Hampstead, or Brompton, or Hayes,—'Rural!' quotha. Rock, pines, torrents, glaciers, clouds, and summits of eternal snows far above them—and 'rural!'" In the mountains or by ancient monuments, new hotels were planted like gigantic markers against the horizon, some with chapels for English services. In Switzerland alone, more than 3,000 such hotels had gone up by the turn of the century. The tour industry affected the local population as well, breeding in them a new cynicism and even greed. Murray himself, Withey tells us, now doubted the fruits of his idealism, regretting "the transformation of the simple, virtuous peasant into the calculating businessman." Wherever tourism spread, nothing was left whole in its wake.

The closer the traveler came to his destination, to the object of his appropriation (from the distant reflections in a Claude glass to the seduction of the local girls or boys), the more travel became an act of violation. Buzard makes an important distinction between travel's two types of appropriation: taking parts out of a culture, and "violating its integrity by forcing one's way into it." The former, in Henry James's uneasy words, is a "transcendence of morality," where the traveler does the indigene injury through the assumptions about his society that he, the traveler, propagates. The latter is a degradation of morality, in which the traveler is a transgressor who does harm to the society itself by splintering it until it conforms to this new and alien element in its midst, the foreign traveler. But his destructive industry of self-glorification is still a cottage industry compared to the industry of mass tourism, which is overwhelming all culture and all nature, to turn them not into picturesque artifices of themselves but into falsifications of themselves.

WHEN ONE HAS the impulse to move now, it is difficult to know where to go, or how to go honestly. An older generation of travelers who first went abroad when only the foreign language was spoken, and when the news there was different from the news at home, found a place that was more or less wholly foreign, and indigenous, and other. It is such travelers who mourn the end of the travel experience. But one could say that they are mourning the end of a tradition of leisure travel that ran from the 1770s to the middle of the twentieth century, and the end of the picturesque perception of cities and landscapes.

Now we are living in the celebrated age of "globalization," in which a new sameness seems to be overwhelming the old otherness. The exclusivity of cultures has significantly (though not completely) broken down. The West is omnipresent. Common desires and common news are ubiquitous. CNN forbids its correspondents to refer to anything as "foreign." What is foreign, when you are everywhere?

But serendipity is still possible, even where there are greater quantities of sameness. A new generation of travelers is shaping a new era in travel. The writings of Bruce Chatwin and (less exquisitely) Pico Iyer are evidence of a new style of vagabond perception. They are somewhat indifferent to history, and they do not document the search for a new self. These travelers are not mystical, they are curious; and they are curious mainly about the present. Their objectivity is no longer ecstatic. Instead there is an intelligent, journalistic clarity. And it is notably devoid of condescension or appropriation. If the traveler will never again escape home entirely, and the indigene will never again be wholly other, then this newly mixed world may provoke a more honest way of viewing one another. For the Western fascination with difference issued also in a great deal of brutality. The yearning for transformation is too easily abused. ■

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CORRESPONDENCE

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everything of importance that happened in the whole world for the week. Remember that it is a newsmagazine, not a political journal like THE NEW REPUBLIC.

Sullivan accuses his victim of failing to fit into one of the categories he defines for newsmagazines. *The Economist* is not specialized in one area, does not go deeper than other media outlets, and does not editorialize excessively. This is because it does something he didn't mention: it offers breadth and brevity few publications can match. To get the same coverage, you would have to read the newspaper every day, watch CNN constantly, or surf the Web incessantly. For the busy businessman, casual world-watcher, or English-speaking expatriate, *The Economist* offers a fast, convenient way to catch up on events.

The U.S. section is lambasted for repeating what was reported in the American press. To prove it, Sullivan does a Nexis search on the topic of each article in a random issue and compares what he finds to *The Economist*. The results are not surprising. Of course, the American press covers the United States in far greater breadth and depth than does a single British magazine devoted to global affairs.

Sullivan goes on to blast *The Economist*'s business section for the same crime as the U.S. section: a Nexis search reveals more articles about any given topic than flipping through the $4 magazine. And he complains that its predictions are often wrong. Well, guess what? Most predictions are wrong. But, if you bet the farm on what *The Economist* said last week, you deserve to lose it.

So the solution is obvious. Sullivan needs to start a rival newsweekly, one with the same global scope but more depth. One that understands America and writes about us in a way that is not patronizing to foreign subscribers, is never wrong, correctly analyzes every trend and event, and *can* predict the future.

Or maybe Sullivan should just keep his mouth shut and let the market decide if it thinks *The Economist* is worth its price. After all, if it's so bad, why is it so profitable?

RICHARD MEREAND
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITORS:
I greatly enjoyed your article about *The Economist*—which is surely today one of the most overrated periodicals on the planet. I've been a reader of the magazine off and on for several years and have lately been turned off by its steady stream of pompous political editorializing and its weak analysis of the world economy. I still skim a couple of the articles every once in a while, but, for the most part, I couldn't agree with you more that the bulk of the magazine is either redundant or just plain wrong.

SCOTT WOODCOCK
Via the Internet

TO THE EDITORS:
My law partner and I love *The Economist* for all of the reasons listed in Andrew Sullivan's article. We have often expressed the desire to write and ask if, in addition to their humor publication, they put out a serious magazine.

On those occasions when we travel together, we play the *Economist* game: we each get a copy, and the first to find an anti-American slam wins. It seldom takes long—often we are still on the runway.

As an outlet for serious reportage, *The Economist* is rivaled only by the work of Monty Python.

WILLIAM C. ALTREUTER
New York, New York

TO THE EDITORS:
I've been a faithful subscriber to *The Economist* for more than 20 years. You're right.

GORDON C. MORSE
Via the Internet

Public-health Nazis

TO THE EDITORS:
There is something unnerving about Sherwin B. Nuland's probing review of Robert N. Proctor's *The Nazi War on Cancer* ("The Final Pollution," June 14). The anti-smoking mobilization sanctioned and directly encouraged by Hitler and Himmler does not serve as a mitigating circumstance with respect to Nazism; rather, it only underscores the dangers of totalitarian absolutism. Nazi doctors, who managed to conduct cancer research while also experimenting with the persecution and murder of innocent people, might also serve as a warning that the unbridled assault on smoking as an acute cause of cancer carries with it serious consequences for the body politic as such.

The task of medical research conducted with scientific precision is one thing; the fanatic assault on private behavior, even potentially self-destructive behavior, is quite another. This "great tradition of healing" touted by Nuland, which even the Nazi physicians and researchers ostensibly kept alive, came at a cost of enormous suffering and disaster for millions of innocents (smokers and nonsmokers alike). The anti-smoking campaigns of the Hitler regime have too much in common with the present disquieting anti-smoking campaigns of American society to be ignored.

IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ
New Brunswick, New Jersey

Bean-counting

TO THE EDITORS:
Census error is a confusing subject, and Peter Skerry has plainly become confused ("Sampling Error," May 31).

He says that "the Census Bureau is an easy target," implying that that helps explain the push to correct for the undercount of minorities. But our highly professional Census Bureau has long recommended correcting the census for the measured undercount. In the 1990 census the bureau's recommendation was rejected by then-Secretary of Commerce Robert Mosbacher. The attack on the Census Bureau comes from those who seek partisan advantage from the undercount and not from those who advocate a statistical correction.

Skerry says that "uncounted individuals are in no way prevented from voting." True but irrelevant. Those of us who both vote and are counted nonetheless have our votes diluted if we live in places where others are not counted. The impact of the undercount is indistinguishable from the impact of drawing district lines around significantly unequal populations. In both cases, the principle of equal votes for equal numbers of persons is violated and the foundations of democratic representation are undermined.

Skerry says that "the partisan consequences of adjustment are impossible to predict." The partisan consequences of failing to adjust are easy to predict. In the 1990 census, the undercount varied directly with the number of registered Democrats in districts across California and, presumably, in other states. An undercount that systematically depopulates areas where Democrats live has an impact on the composition of state legislatures and on both state and federal redistricting, which is largely controlled by state legislatures.

Skerry asks, "[W]hy all the fuss?" The fuss is about failing to distribute political power on the basis of equality, which is supposed to be the underpinning of representative democracy.

ROBERT S. RIFKIND
New York, New York

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036 (letters may also be sent electronically to: tnr@aol.com). All letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please do not send letters via fax.

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NASHVILLE DIARIST

Family Ties

NOWADAYS, POLITICIANS OF ALL STRIPES say they worry that the American family is vulnerable—and, in places, on the verge of disintegrating. But if "we" are all pro-family now, "we" are not all talking about the same thing. For the political right, family connotes moral rectitude: the decline of its traditional forms is to blame for a host of cultural maladies, and the solution is to resurrect something called "family values." For others, the value of family is to be found in its ability to provide safety and support, particularly for children. These people lobby for government intervention, from legally protected parental leave to regulation (and subsidization) of child care. The two sides frequently shout past one another, scoring partisan points for their own sake. Worse, calls to shore up the family have become such campaign boilerplate that the whole appeal often seems to lack any meaning whatsoever.

THERE ARE, HOWEVER, EXCEPTIONS. FOR the past eight years, Vice President Al Gore, with the assistance and support of his wife, Tipper, has hosted a series of annual Family Reunion conferences in Nashville. The purpose: to learn about how families manage, what families need, and how family members are connected to one another, while creating a "common language" among the varied participants—social workers and political activists, public intellectuals and private philanthropists, courtroom advocates and classroom innovators. Each conference has had its own focus—from families and health to the importance of fatherhood in America, all looked at through a lens of the whole family as a working unit. Like all such events, these have served their political purpose: namely, allowing the Gores to talk about a wide variety of issues in a congenial and media-friendly setting that puts them among average Americans. Yet I've been struck by the seriousness and passion the Gores bring to these events—and by the fact that the conferences have, in fact, advanced the dialogue on family issues while promoting such policy initiatives as the v-chip, the national fatherhood initiative, and family leave policies.

IN THE HEAT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMpaign, this year's conference garnered very little attention from the media, which is a shame, given that it focused on a particularly important topic: what families need from their communities. Gore set the tone by describing the complexities and fragilities of family relationships and the need to support strong ties within the family. He placed this in the context of community and how communities must respond to the family to ensure its health and survival. He engaged panelists on topics ranging from active citizenship to faith-based programs, youth and safety, the arts, and university-based interdisciplinary community-building curricula—weaving these themes together throughout the two days.

AT THE CONFERENCE, WE HEARD MANY impressive stories: joint efforts by clergy groups and police in Boston that led to two years without a youth murder; Alianza Dominicana's "La Plaza," an effort to create in American ethnic neighborhoods the kind of central open spaces familiar to Hispanic immigrants; "Security Dads," in which fathers patrol the hallways of an Indianapolis school; "Community Cousins," an innovative experiment that matches families of different races to combat racism where it is felt—on an individual level; "Boundless Playgrounds," in which Matthew, age ten and in a wheelchair, has participated in inventing playgrounds where he can have fun (including such features as a wheelchair-accessible swing in the shape of a boat); and many more.

ALL OF THESE PROGRAMS ARE REMARKable for the way they involve families at an intergenerational level. Many, for example, engage children as a way to involve the rest of the family. And this, already, is extraordinary in comparison to most community-based human-service efforts. Still, something was missing from the conversation. Most programs support families by supporting their members, often their youngest, one by one—not by supporting the relationships between members that give families their cohesiveness. This raises a thorny public conversation and an even thornier public policy issue. Some families (indeed, to a certain degree, all of them) cannot always help themselves inside their own walls, no matter what kind of programmatic supports the government or the private sector provides to individual members. When family members cannot communicate with one another—or, worse, they harm one another emotionally or physically—children are not nurtured and parents are not happy. In such cases, it is not enough merely to help the individual who has the drug problem or the kid who can't find a safe playground. The family itself, as a unit, needs attention, too. Its members—often all of its members—need help acting like a family again.

AND HERE IS WHERE OUR CURRENT SYStem for assisting the family falls short. Professionals are trained to focus on individuals and their problems or lack of resources; nobody equips them with a wider lens that considers relationships with other family members. The money from government and foundations focuses strictly on particular pathologies or categorical needs such as youth programs. And so the human-service providers follow the prescribed categories, playing to their narrow areas of expertise. Each one is a substance abuse specialist or a trauma specialist or a learning disabilities specialist or a youth mentor—but that's it.

TO BE SURE, THESE VERY TALENTED AND well-intentioned workers engage children and adults in all sorts of imaginative and successful programs. And they frequently make a difference. But they also can produce unintended side effects. Family members attach to the counselors, organizers, mentors, and foster parents. Meanwhile, little by little, already tenuous bonds inside the family become more strained; control and communication among family members, especially between parents and children, become weakened and even snap. The mentor, for example, finds that, as he helps a young boy, the boy's parents become jealous—yet nobody has alerted him to such problems, let alone trained him to deal with them.

WE NEED TO FACE UP TO THIS, THINK IN broader terms of relationship systems within families—not just the problems of individuals—and train people to coach and encourage family members to change patterns that pull them down. It's a commonsense approach that will take significant retraining and a new look at current funding patterns. That is, if we really care about families as much as we all say, our services must reflect it. This was the important, if necessarily complicated, message at least a few thoughtful participants in the reunion tried to send, including the hosts. It would have made for a few more good newspaper articles, too—if only some thoughtful members of the media had bothered to pay attention.

ANNE PERETZ

The author is the founder and chairman of The Family Center in Somerville, Massachusetts.

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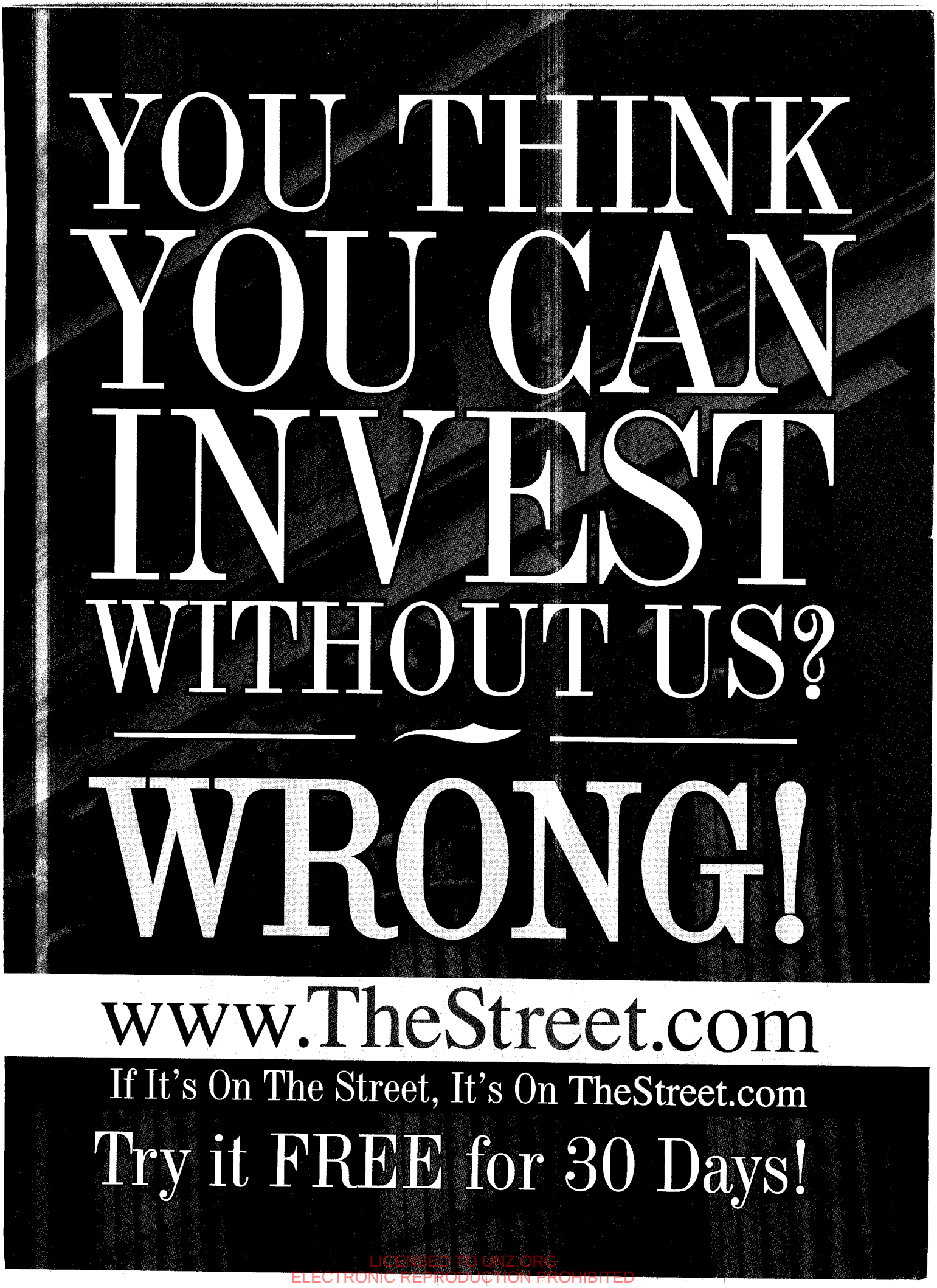

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